



# Al Jaffee

# GAGS



Jaffee

... AND SO WILL YOU FROM  
THIS COLLECTION OF  
**HORRENDOUS HUMOR!**



75

# Al Jaffee

# **GAGS**

*Written, illustrated,  
and regurgitated  
by Al Jaffee*



A SIGNET BOOK  
**NEW AMERICAN LIBRARY**  

---

TIMES MIRROR

© 1958, 1959, 1960, 1961, 1962, 1963, 1964, 1965  
New York Herald Tribune, Inc.

Copyright © 1974 by Al Jaffee

All rights reserved



SIGNET TRADEMARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. AND FOREIGN COUNTRIES  
REGISTERED TRADEMARK—MARCA REGISTRADA  
HECHO EN CHICAGO, U.S.A.

SIGNET, SIGNET CLASSICS, MENTOR, PLUME and MERIDIAN  
BOOKS are published by The New American Library, Inc.,  
1301 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10019

First Printing, November, 1974

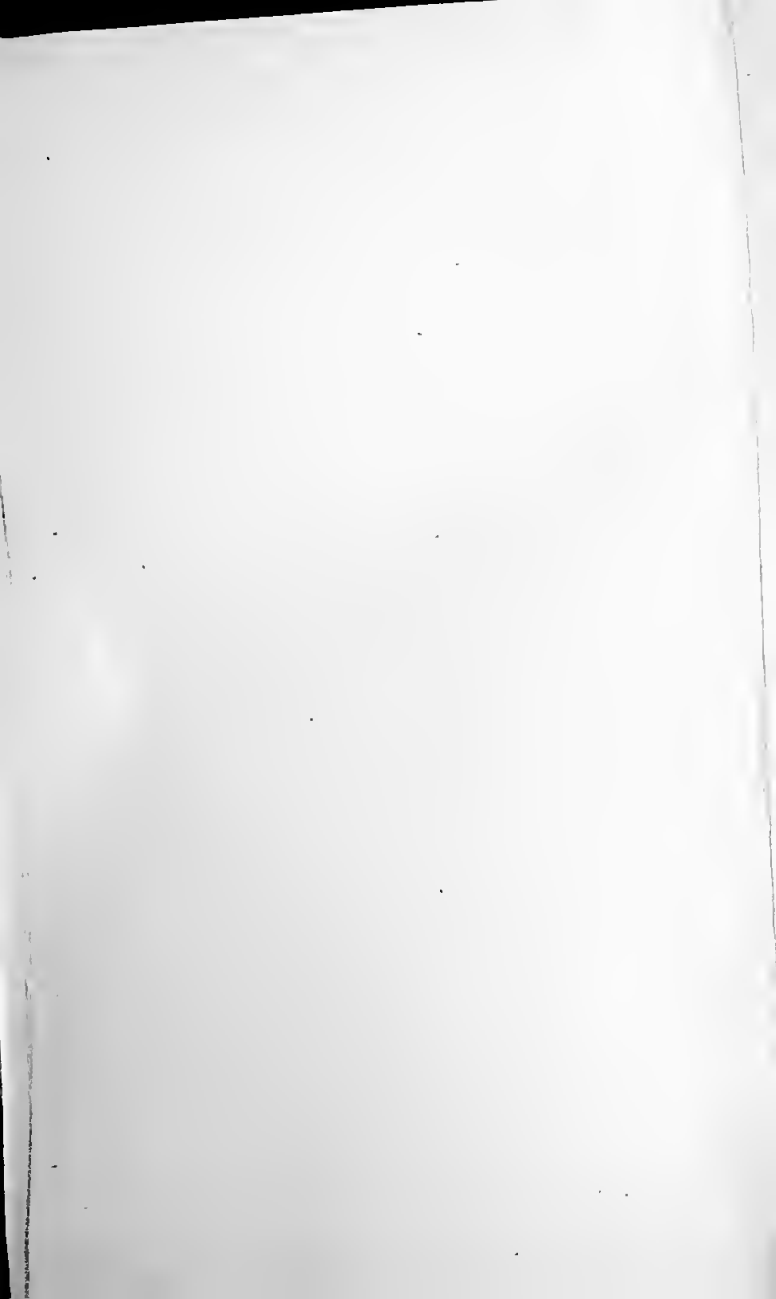
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

## DEDICATION

To that certain someone, without whose  
tireless inspiration and support this book  
would not have been possible . . . and  
you know who THAT is.





## *Two Forewords for the Price of None*

Al Jaffee's Fold-In, on the inside back cover of every issue of MAD, is a certainty on a par with death, taxes and Labor Day, and just as unavoidable and as celebrated.

Recently, I saw a gal I would have liked to know carrying two bags of groceries and a newly purchased MAD. Standing stork-like and balancing one of the bags on a raised knee, she paused to comply with the "A" MEETS "B" instructions on the MAD Fold-In. No stranger to Jaffee's tantalizing tuck-and-go feature, apparently, she made an adroit one-handed crossover crease of the page. Through the ingenious "Close sesame!", the deliberately deceptive scene reproduced from Jaffee's vibrant acrylics was transformed into a meaningful symbol. The related question atop the page was answered tersely and trenchantly at the bottom of the page. Every calculated camouflage, every mental and visual agitation, every fake-out in phraseology, every bit of sleight of brush Jaffee infuses into each Fold-In, is designed to produce the surprise and exhilaration of an emerging notion! The revitalized lovely with the groceries grinned and shook her head: How does Jaffee do it!

That isn't all Jaffee does in MAD and for MAD.

His renowned "Snappy Answers To Stupid Questions" are the snide and searing antibodies that

purge one's system of the anemic queries that should have gone unasked.

And when Jaf offers us quasi-solutions and facetious devices to counteract canine-induced pavement pollution, or to foil second-story men whittling away at our ground floor or on our roof, or to dissuade and isolate inconsiderate smokers, his master plans entail the seeming workability of Patent Pending.

Al Jaffee's constantly requested Hate Books that appear regularly in MAD alleviate us of the little loathes that are big pains. *Don't You Hate . . .* dentists with hairy arms! *Don't You Hate . . .* hot drinks served in paper cups! *Don't You Hate . . .* gas station attendants who insist on "rounding out" the amount of your purchase so you end up paying for gas that overflowed onto the ground!

My estimable fellow mortal, Associate Editor Nick Meglin, and I have been privileged to roam the foothills of the Olympus that is MAD. From that height of creativity emanate celestial graphics and exalted continuity. Al Jaffee continues that tradition in this book. Speaking of our Olympus, Al Jaffee may very well be its Zeus.

But don't take my word for it. Just ask Nick Meglin...

A large, stylized handwritten signature in black ink, reading "Jerry De Fuccio". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a large initial "J" and a long, sweeping underline.

Jerry De Fuccio  
Associate Editor  
MAD Magazine



Talk about tough acts to follow, Jaffee—Olympus—Zeus? Jerry, MAD's token gentleman, *would* say something like that—something kind, something flattering, something phoney! He'd do no less for Hitler. Zeus indeed! Well, dear reader, I'm sorry to be the balloon-buster around here, but I know Al Jaffee too, or better, Al Jaffee TWO, since there seems to be more than one. The Al Jaffee I know is a creep! Who else would ask you to write a foreword "as a favor" when we all know he's just too cheap to pay for someone good to write it! If you go with Jaffee to a coffee shop and have coffee, and maybe a donut, he'll say in a loud voice so everyone in the joint can hear—"It's on me, Al Jaffee!" Then, when you're in a steak house with him and the check comes, he directs the waiter over to you and says, "It's your turn—I got it last time!"

And steal ideas! Having a script conference with Jaffee is like playing your brain back on a tape recorder! Everything you ever said finds its way into one of his books or articles. One day I told him, "You know what I hate? Guys who steal other guys' ideas!" Two days later at a script conference Jaffee presents a new Hate Book idea, the first example being, "Don't you hate guys who hate other guys using their ideas?" Don't you think he sold us the article? What's even worse, *I* voted for it!

And appreciation? None! Zero! I first spotted Jaffee

as an asphalt stomper, stomping barefoot over the hot asphalt on a First Avenue construction job. I bought him a suit, a pair of shoes, a tie, I teach him how to draw, I showed him how to use his suit and tie and shoes and drawings to get a job and make a better living for himself. Now that he's a big shot in the field and getting invited to parties, I'm not a big enough shot to get an invitation for. Is it right that when someone asks him, "How's Nick?" he answers, "Nick who?" I mean really, is that right? Is that a nice thing to do?

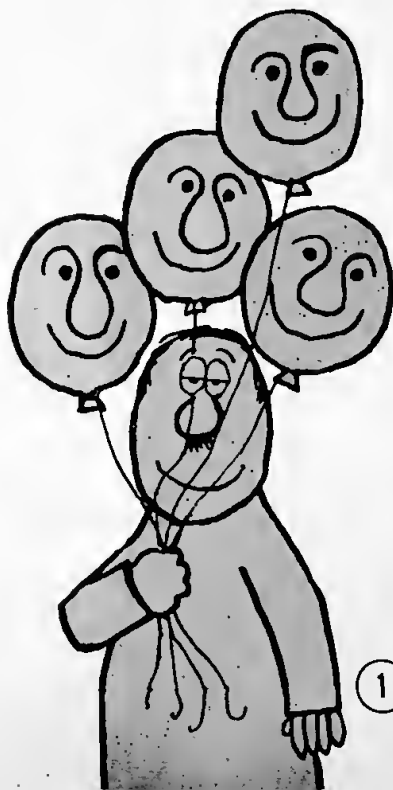
So let Jerry use the *big words* and say the *right thing* and be the nice guy. Jerry's a gentleman (although I could say a few things about that guy too if I wanted to!). But I'm just the kind of slob that tells it to you like it is, which is why I only write forewords. For books by creeps like Al Jaffee. For free, no less. Zeus indeed!

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Nick Meglin". The signature is fluid and stylized, with a long, sweeping underline for the "lin" part.

Nick Meglin  
The other Associate Editor  
MAD Magazine

## CHAPTER 1

# The big blow-up











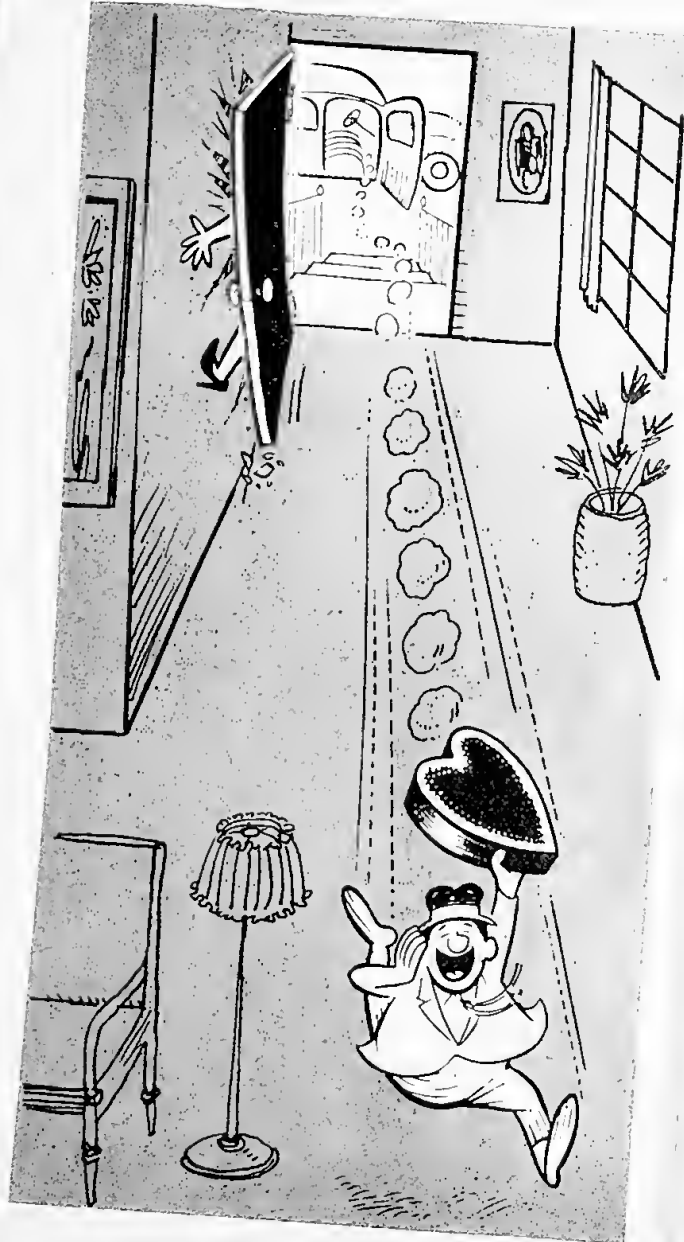




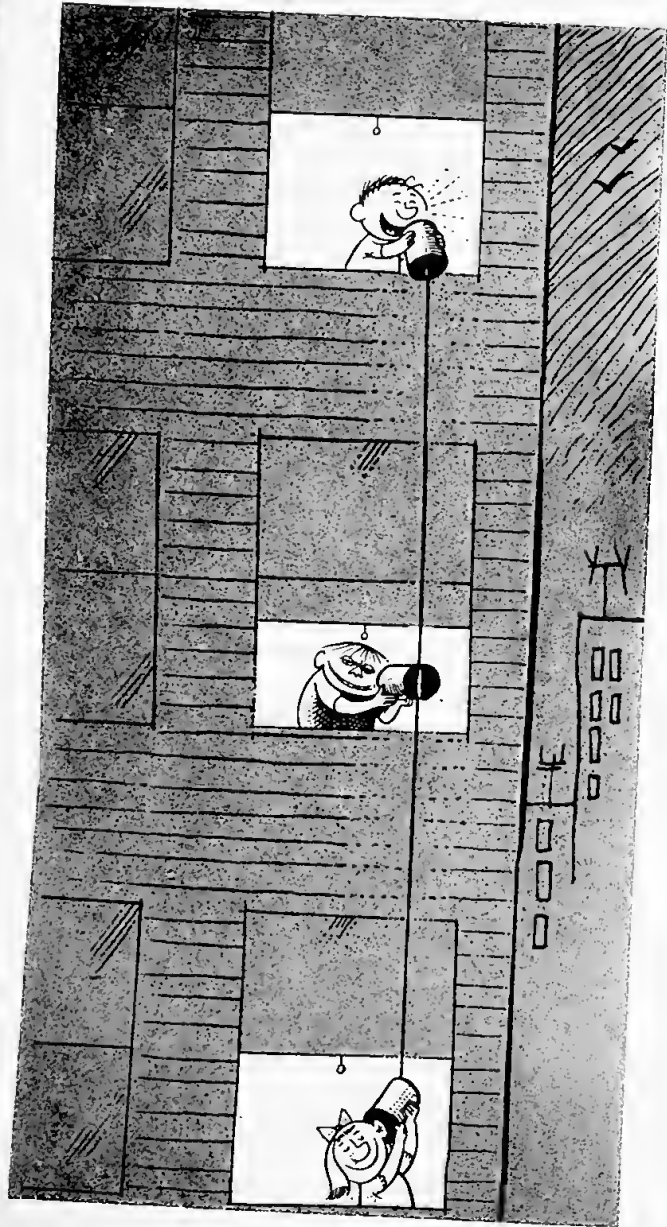
## CHAPTER 2

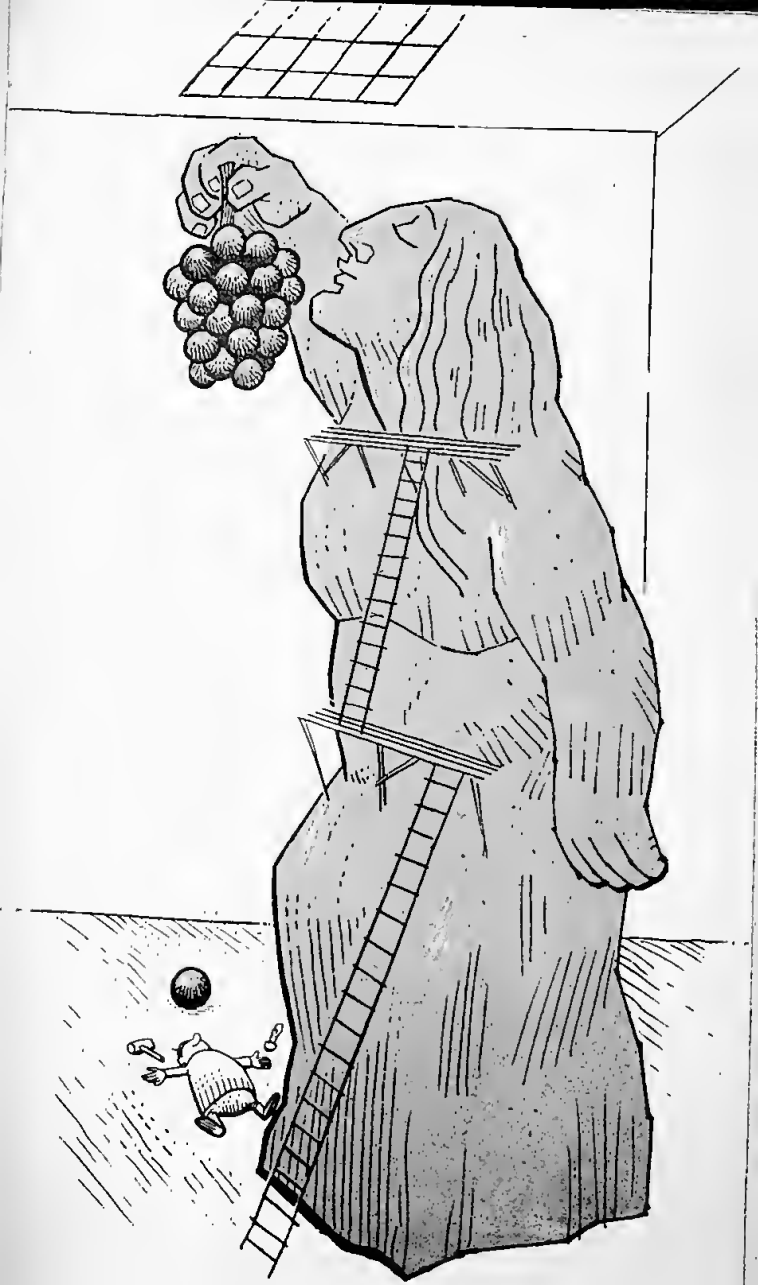
A witless collection  
of wordless  
whimsicalities





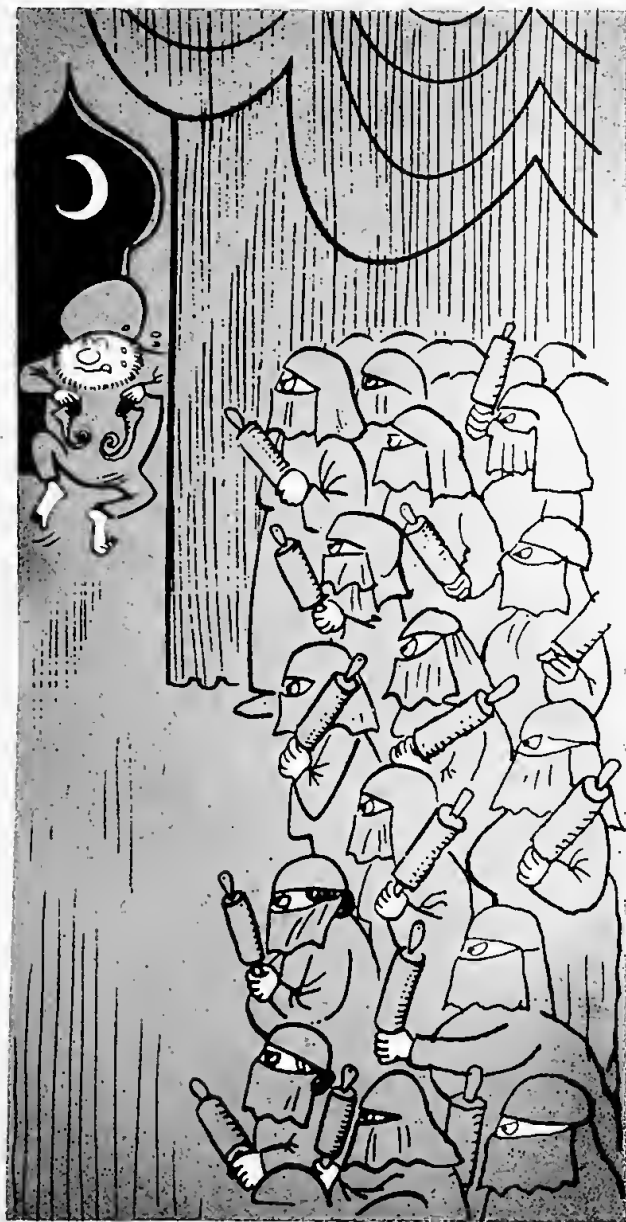














# Smoker the unbearable



Wow! Wait'll you see what  
I can do with this cigar.

Watch this.



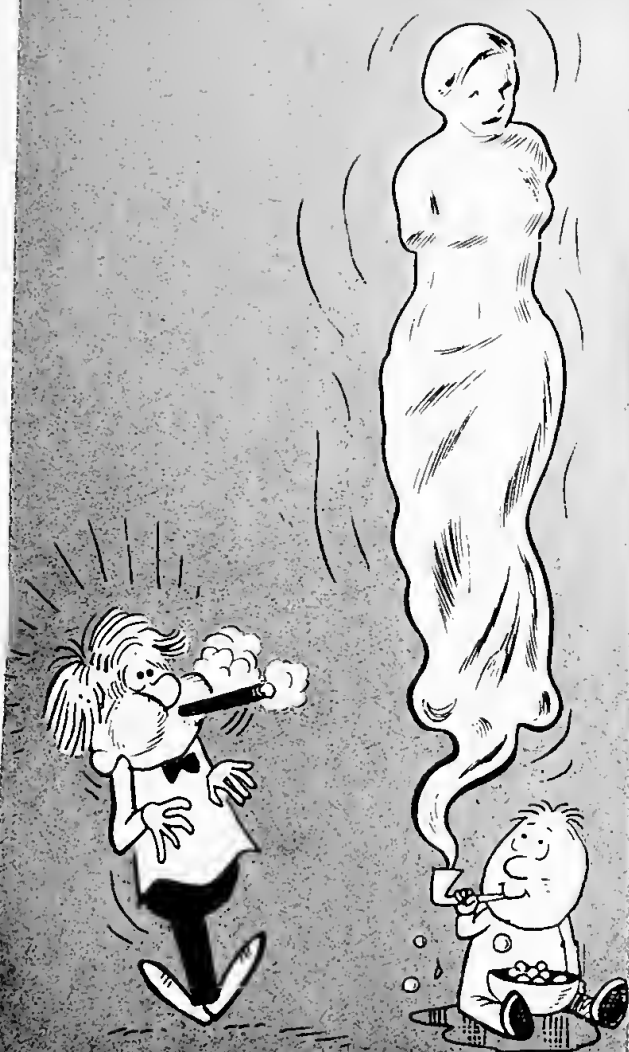
2



3





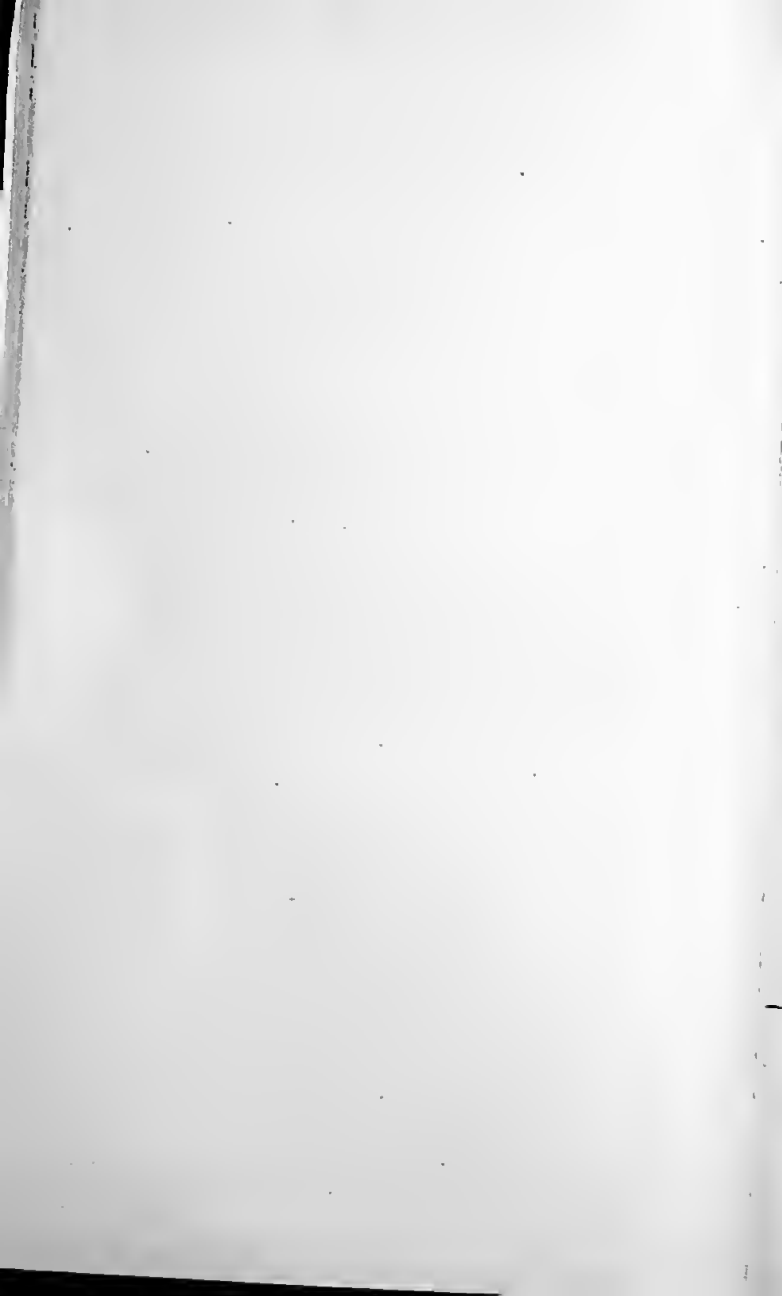




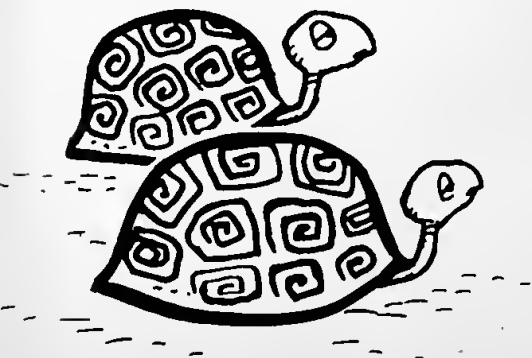
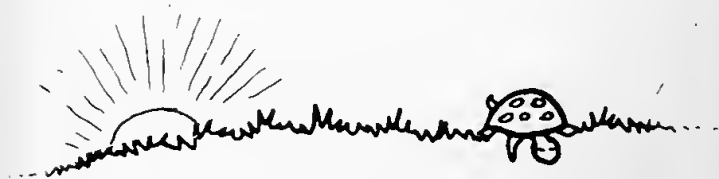
Well, what are you going to do with the cigar?

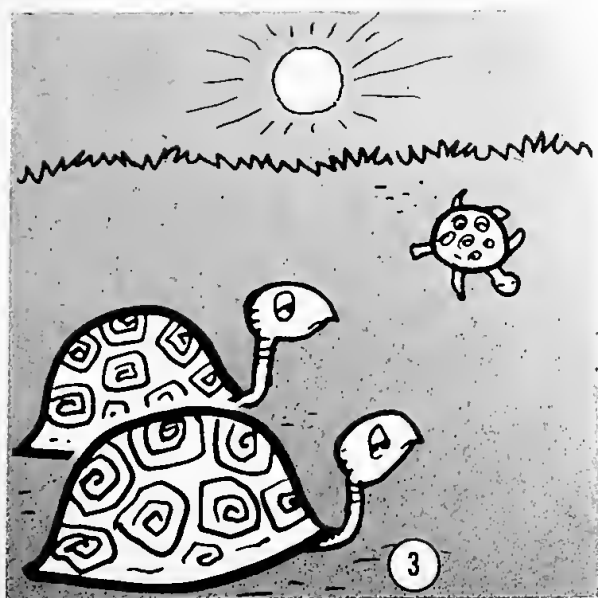
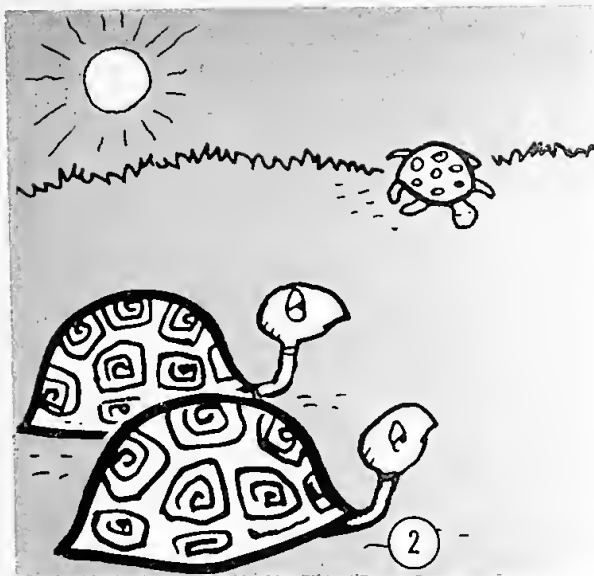
I know what I'd **LIKE TO DO** with the cigar.



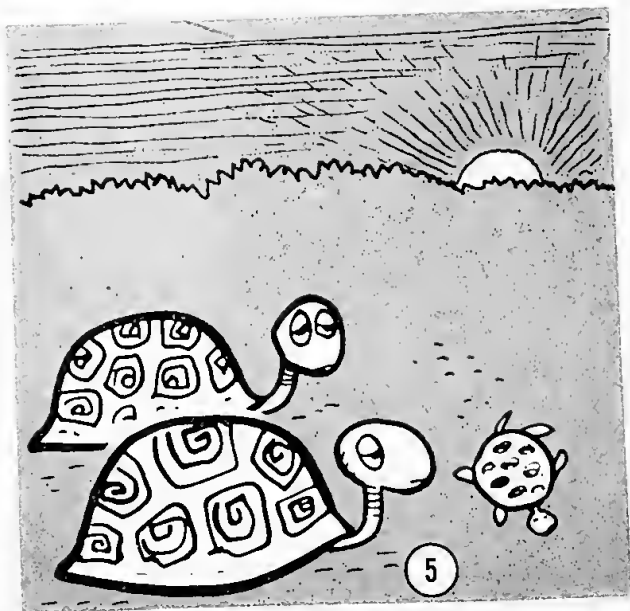
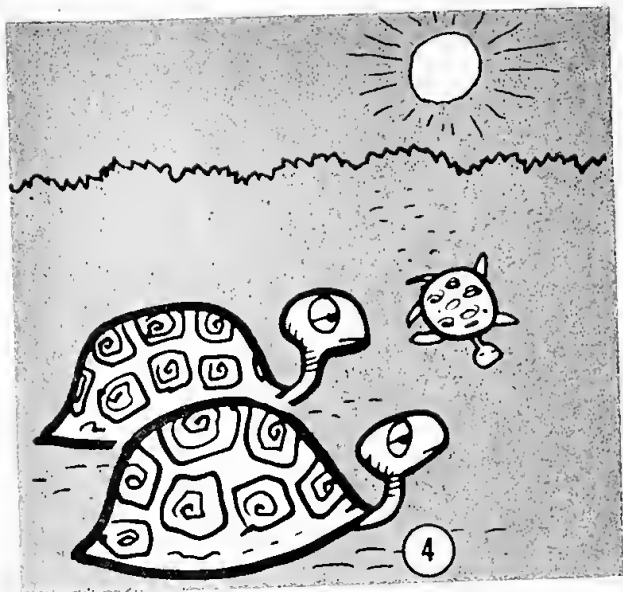


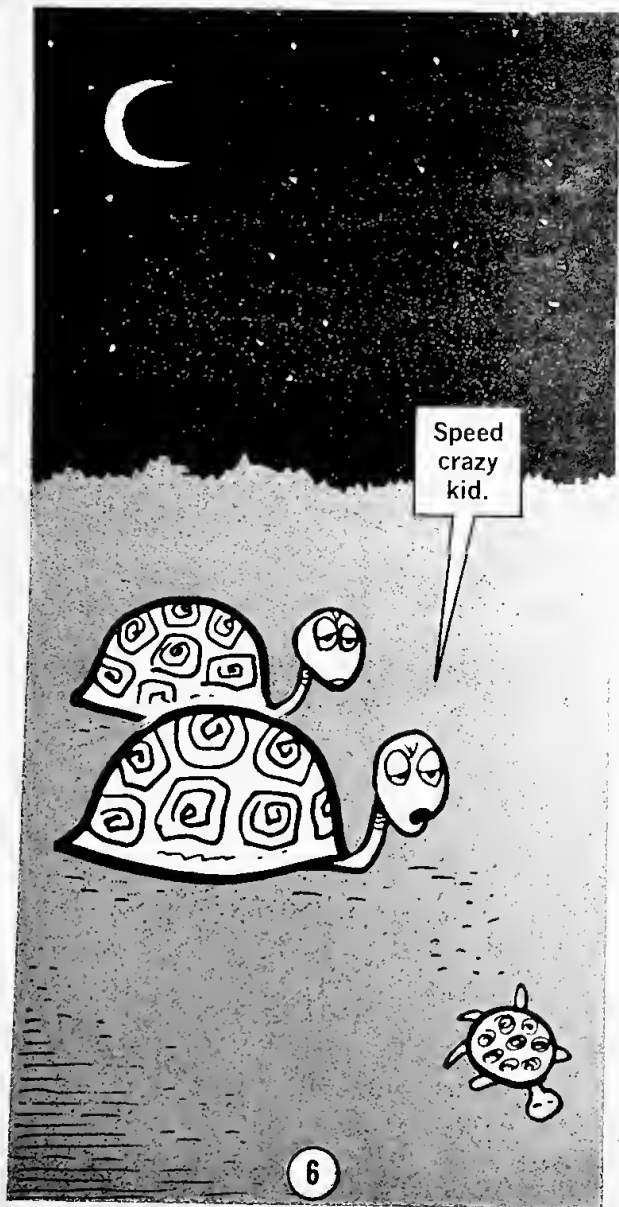
# The old shell game











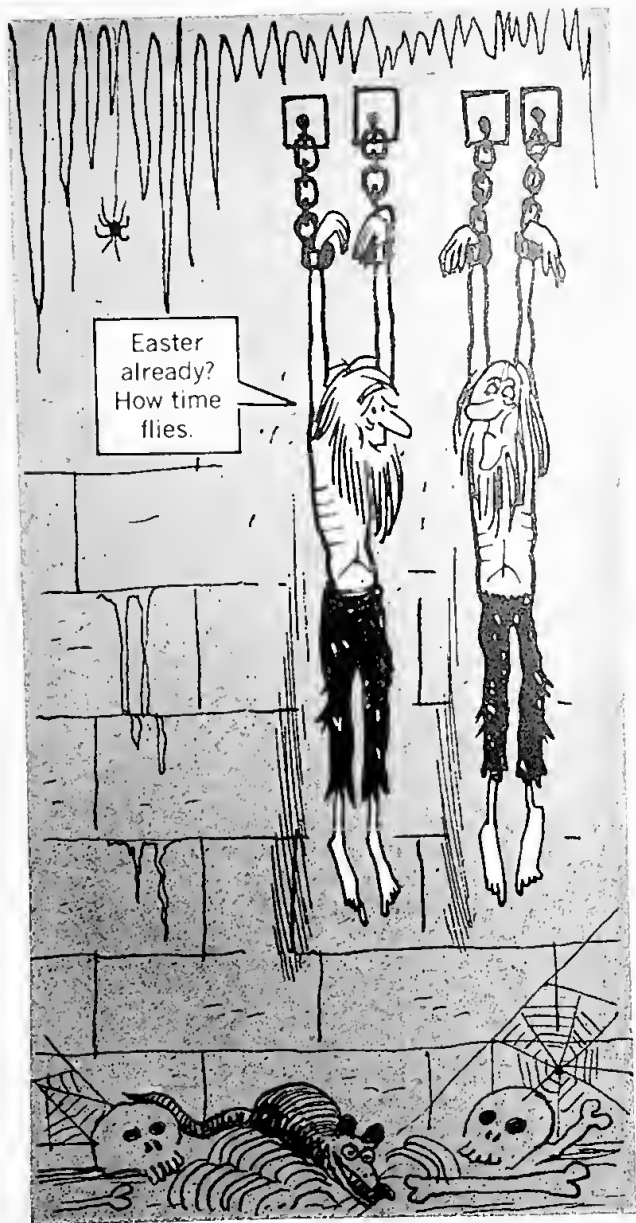
## CHAPTER 5

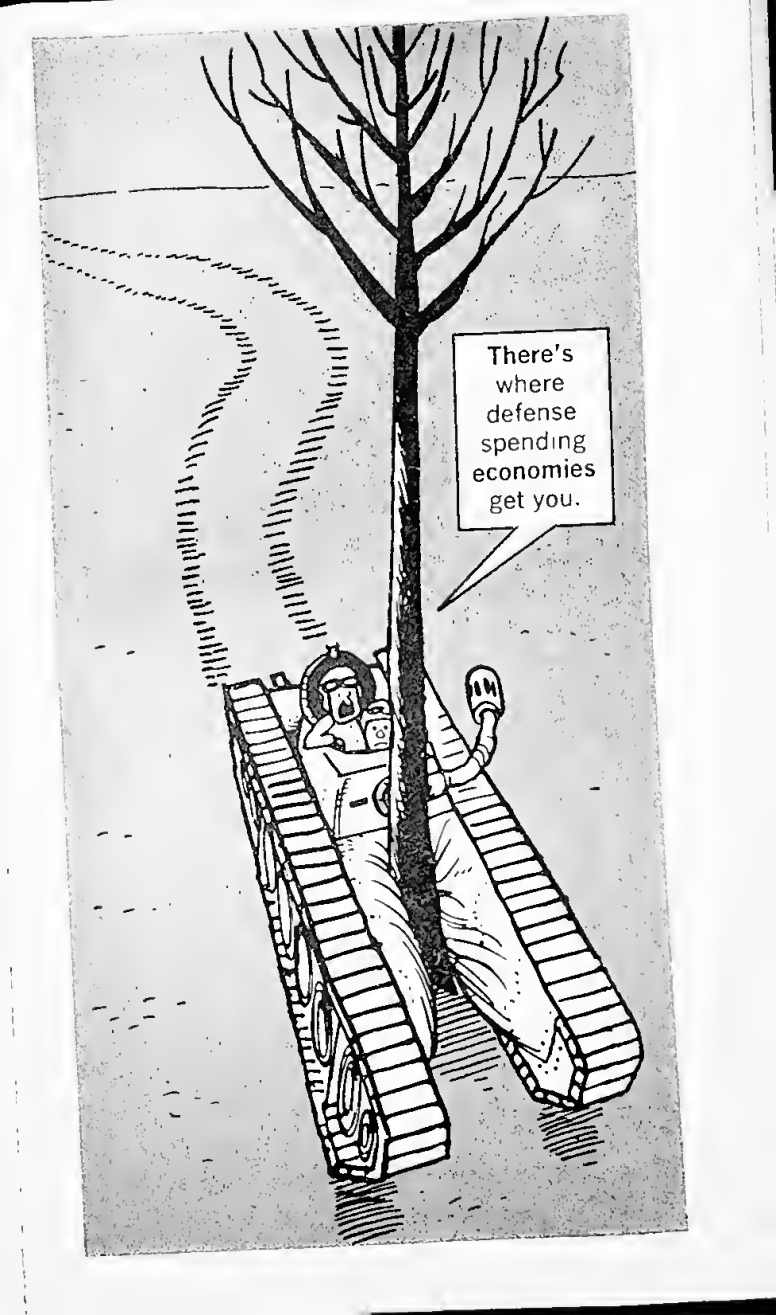
# Another painful batch of bungled buffooneries











There's  
where  
defense  
spending  
economies  
get you.

I was voted "most likely to succeed" in school and I'd have made it if it weren't for that lousy bank alarm.



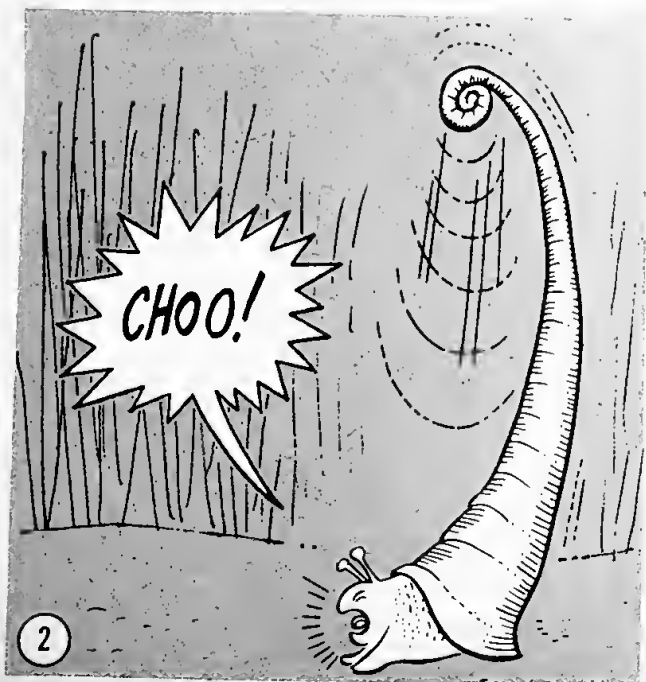


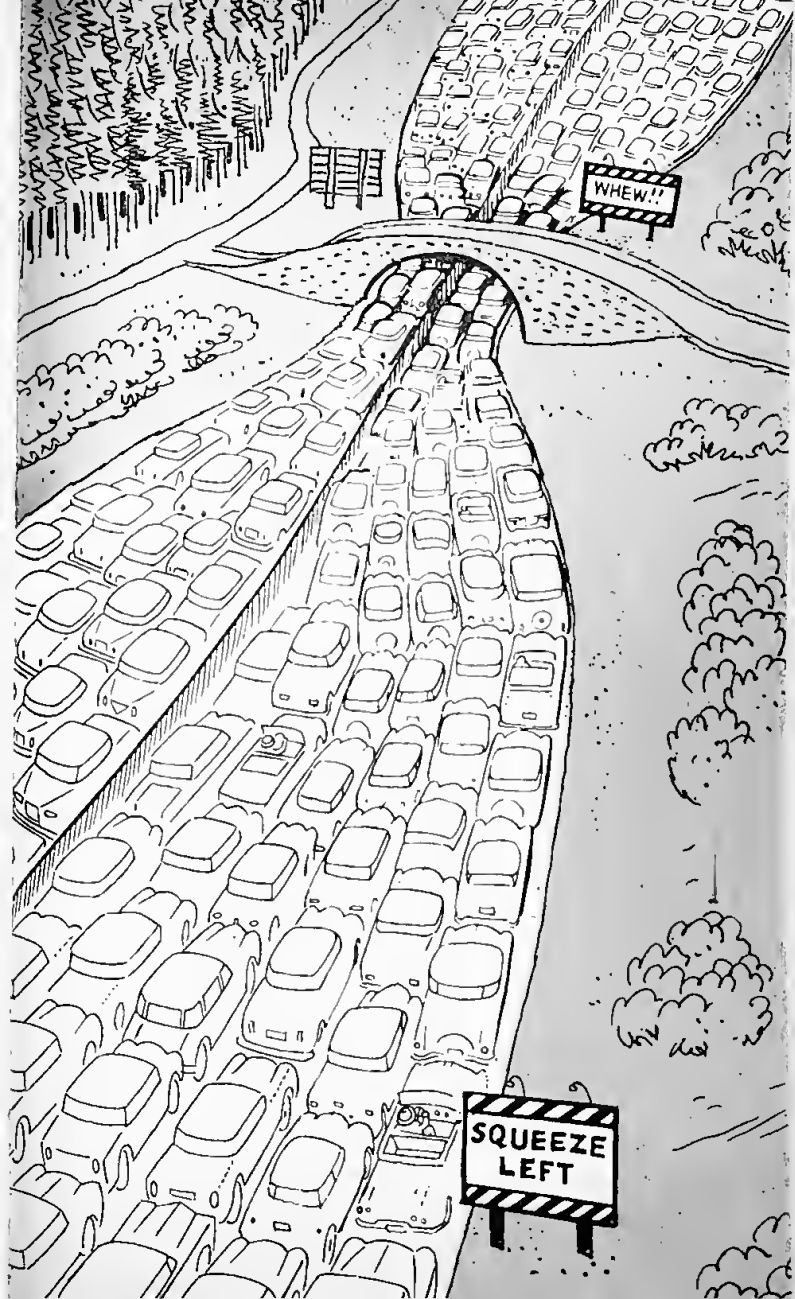
Your job, Smedley, is to see to it that customers feel Finchley's cares about their problems. Now let's see how you handle this old bat.

ADJUSTMENTS

SALE









## CHAPTER 6

# The last word



... and furthermore, I work  
and slave day and night  
around here, but is there  
ever a word of appreciation?

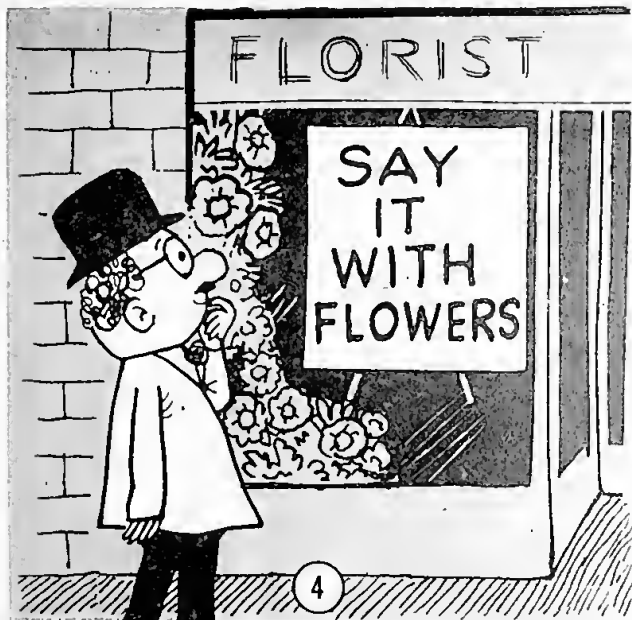
**NO!**



Is there ever an act of  
kindness, a show of grati-  
tude, a small token of  
consideration?

**NO! NO! NO!**





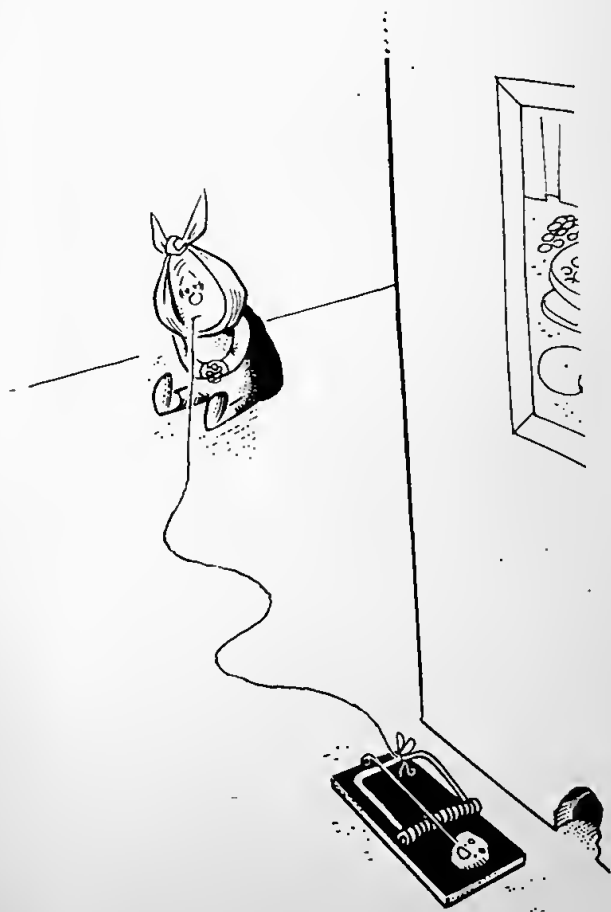


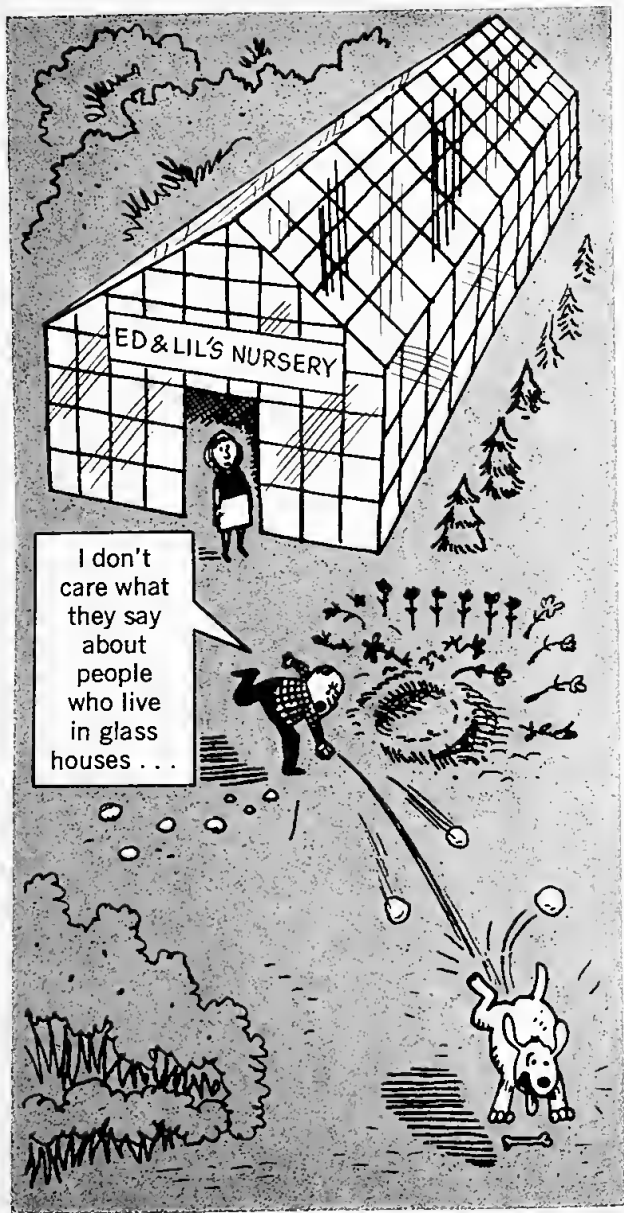




## CHAPTER 7

Another disturbing cluster  
of tiresome trivialities





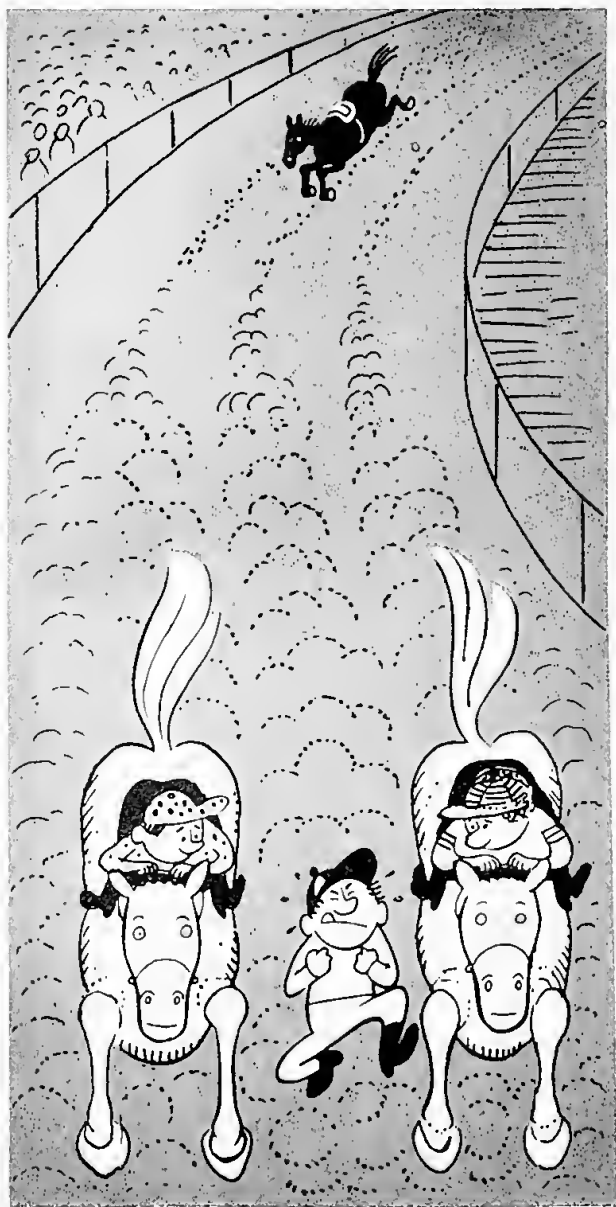
I don't  
care what  
they say  
about  
people  
who live  
in glass  
houses . . .

A leader should get out into  
the field with his men.  
Good for morale, you know.



The way the  
economy has  
been going,  
that fortune  
I stashed  
away will be  
worthless  
when I get  
out.



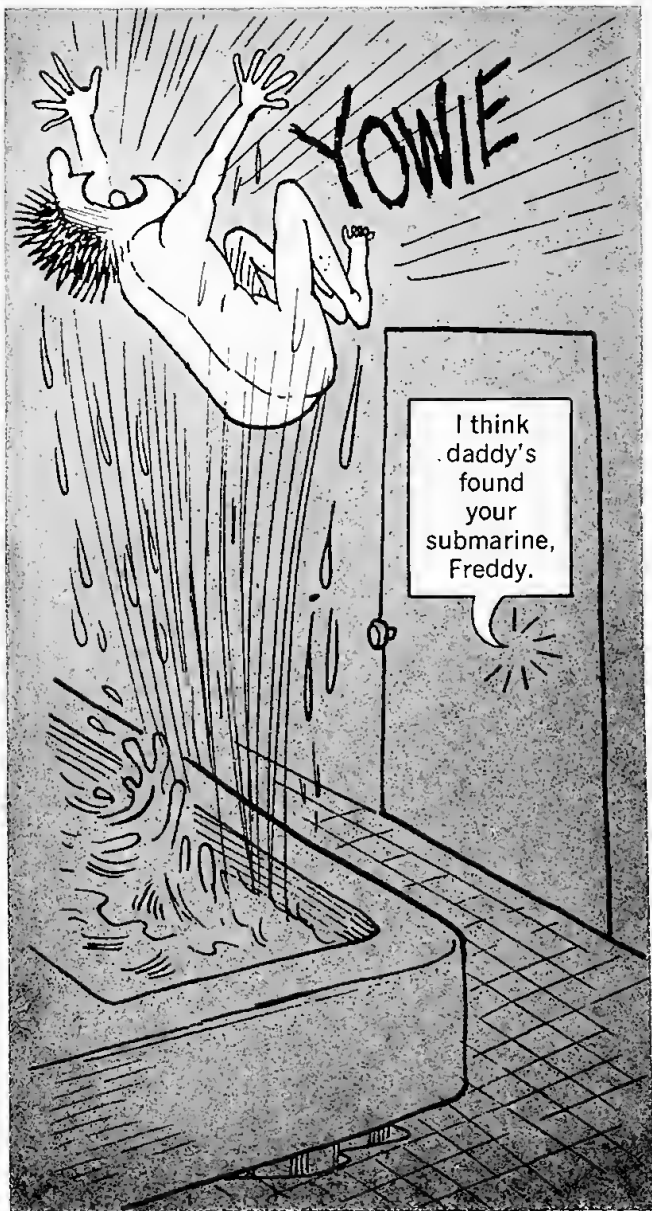


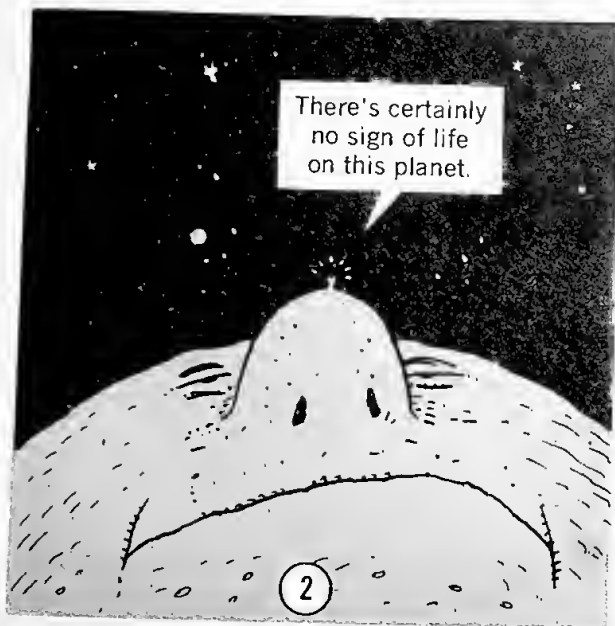
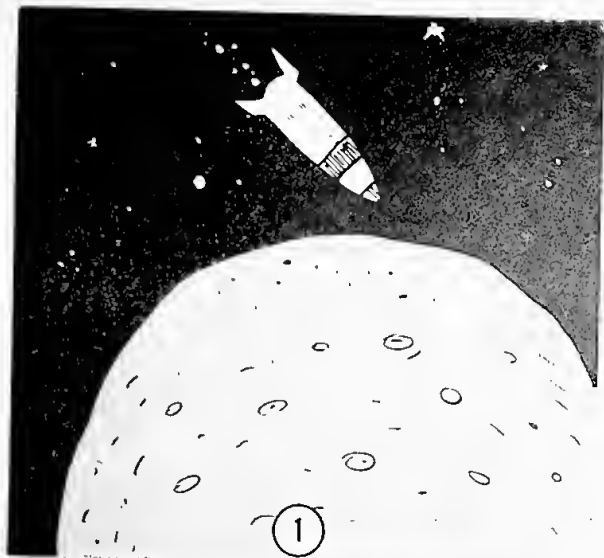


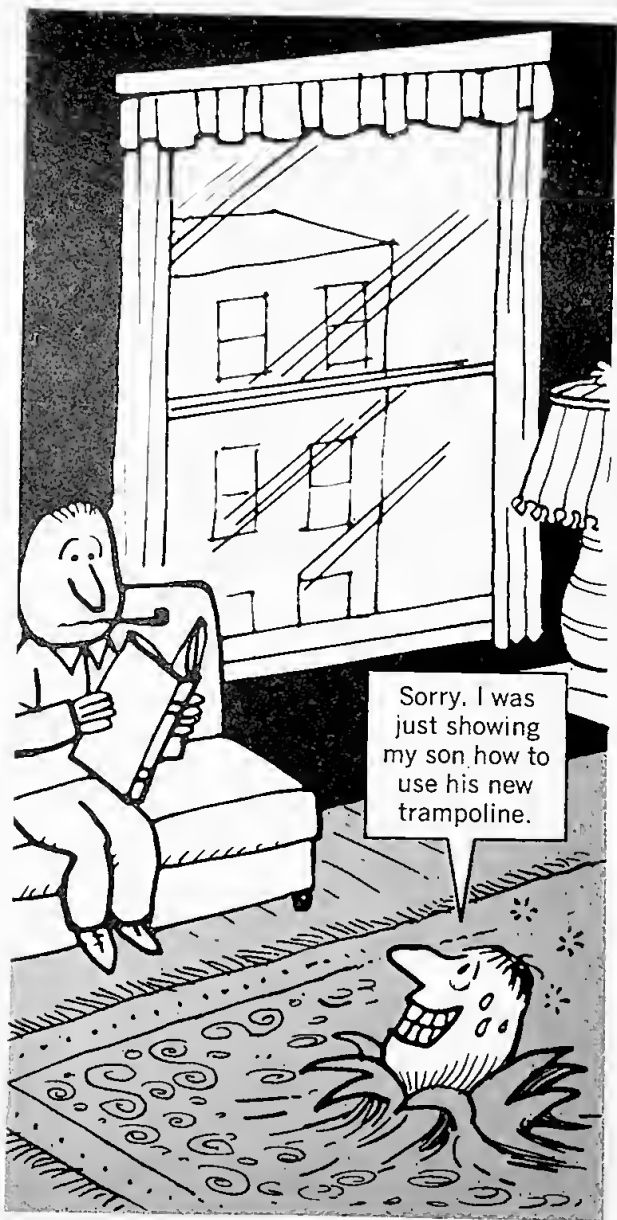


YOWIE

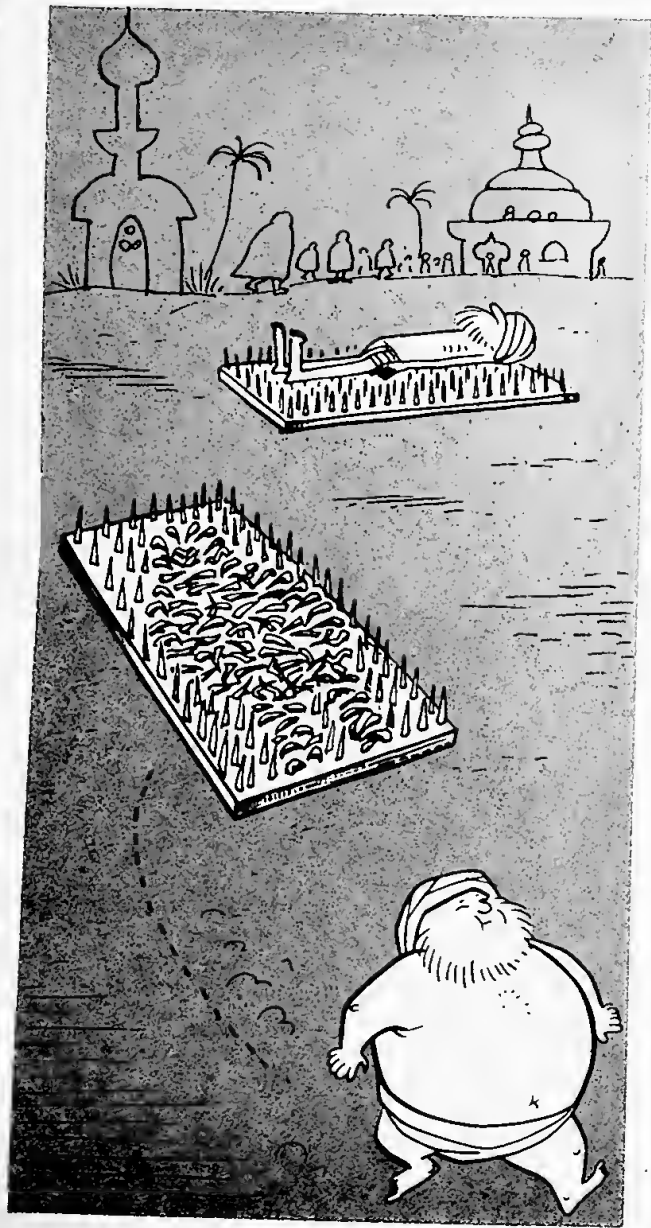
I think  
daddy's  
found  
your  
submarine,  
Freddy.





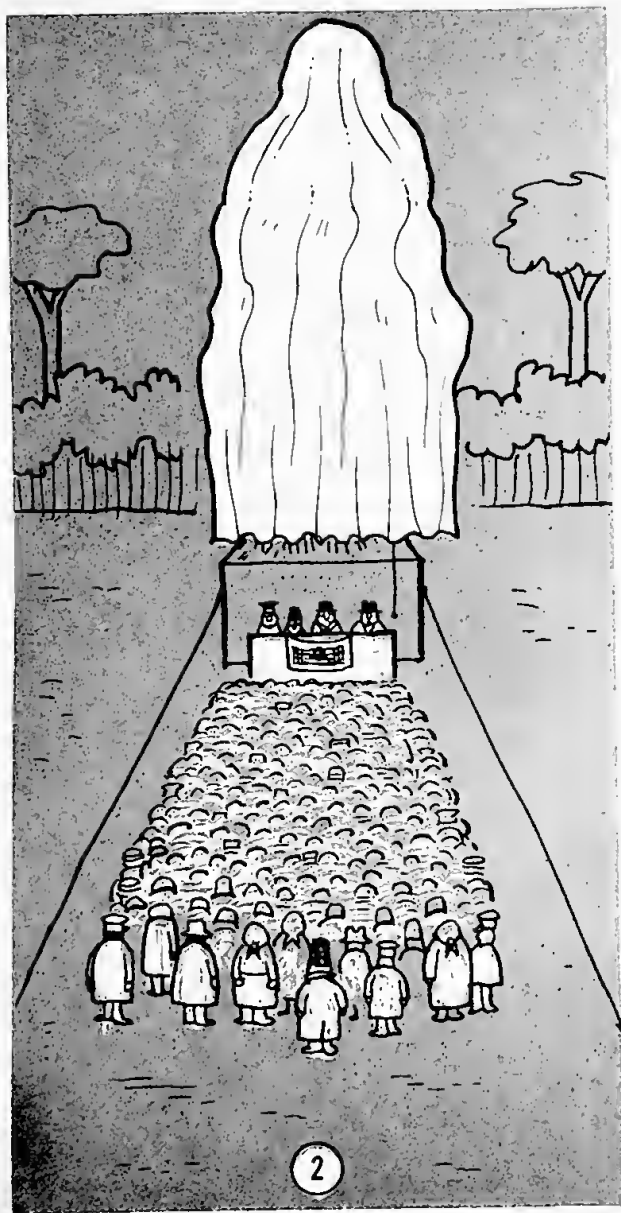


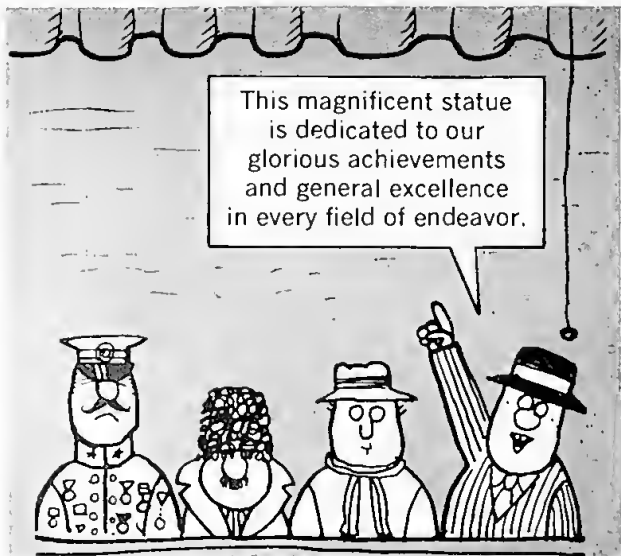
Sorry. I was  
just showing  
my son how to  
use his new  
trampoline.



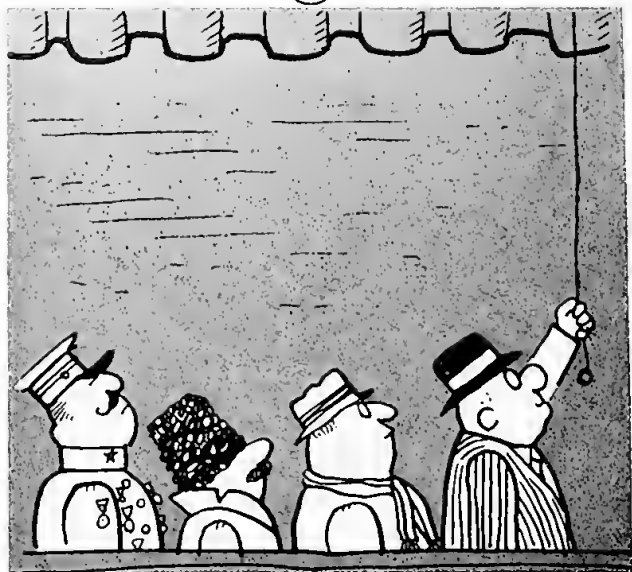
# The big come down



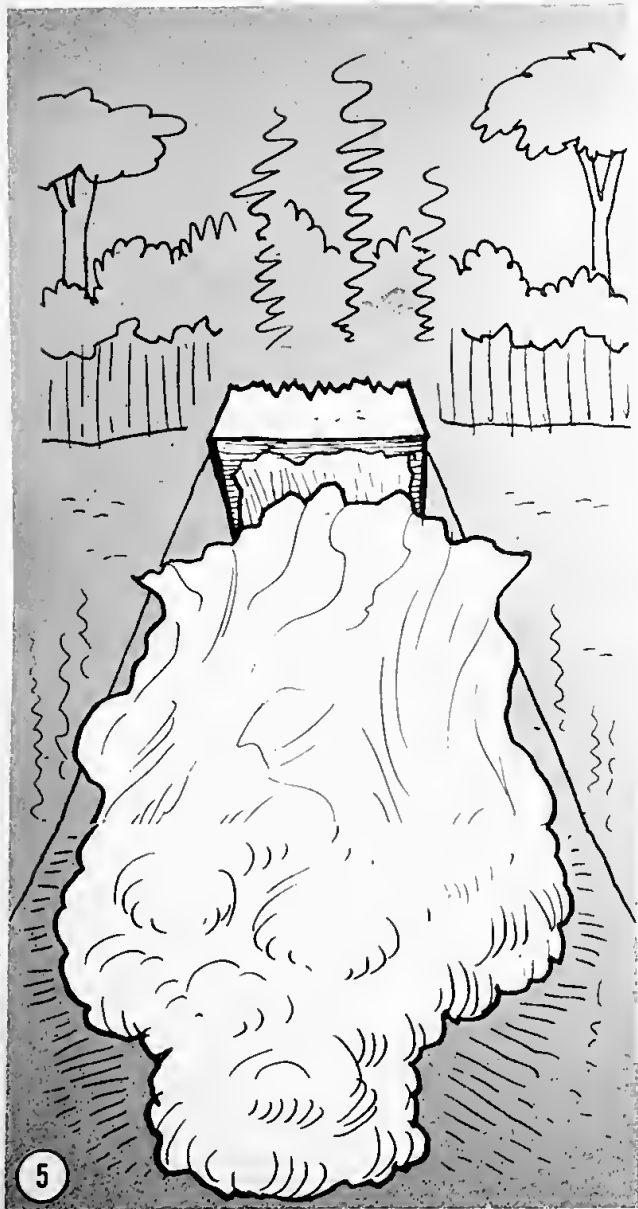




3



4





# Humor in a light vein



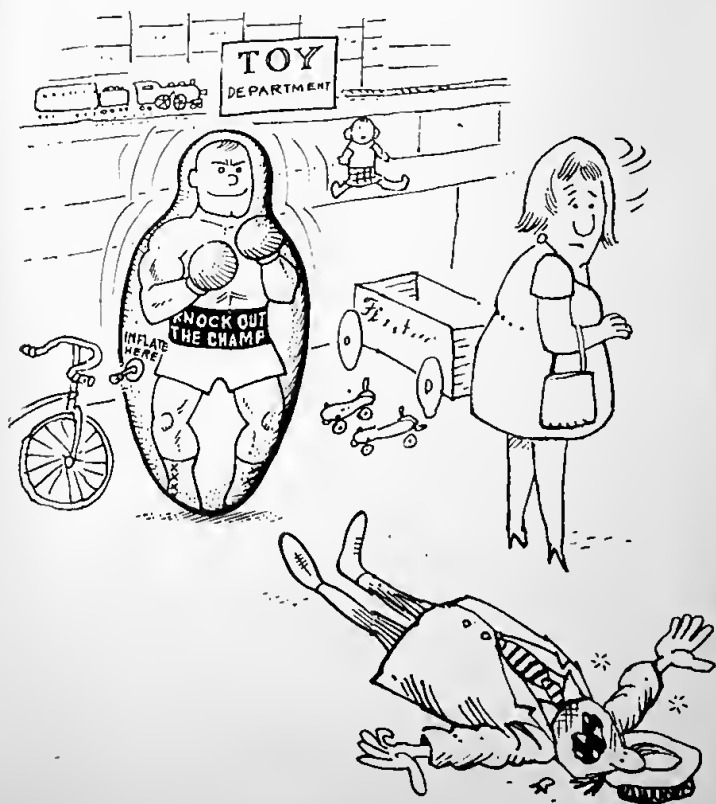




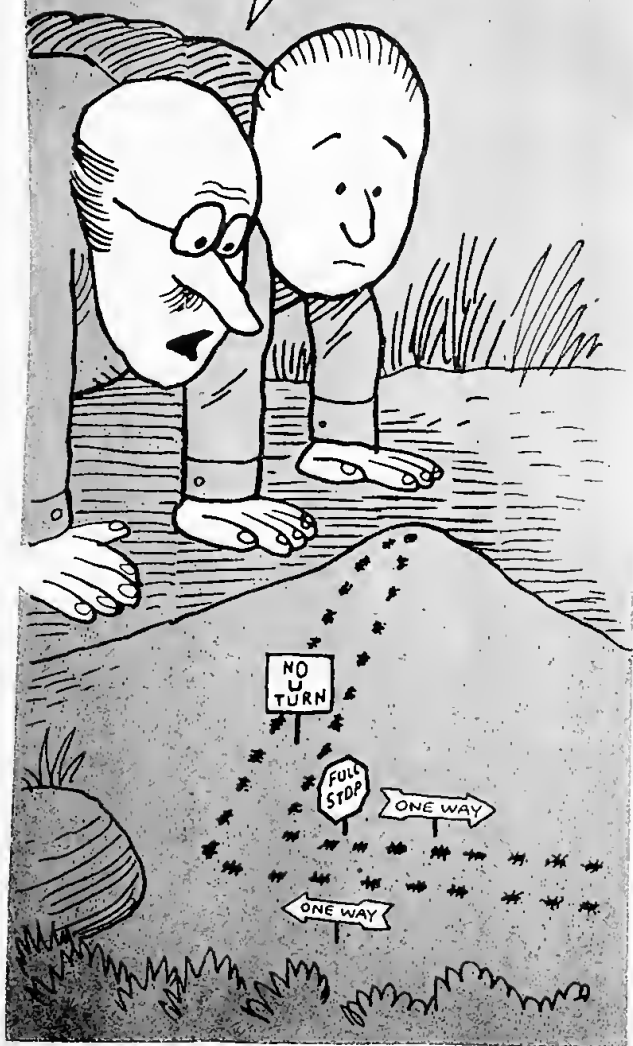


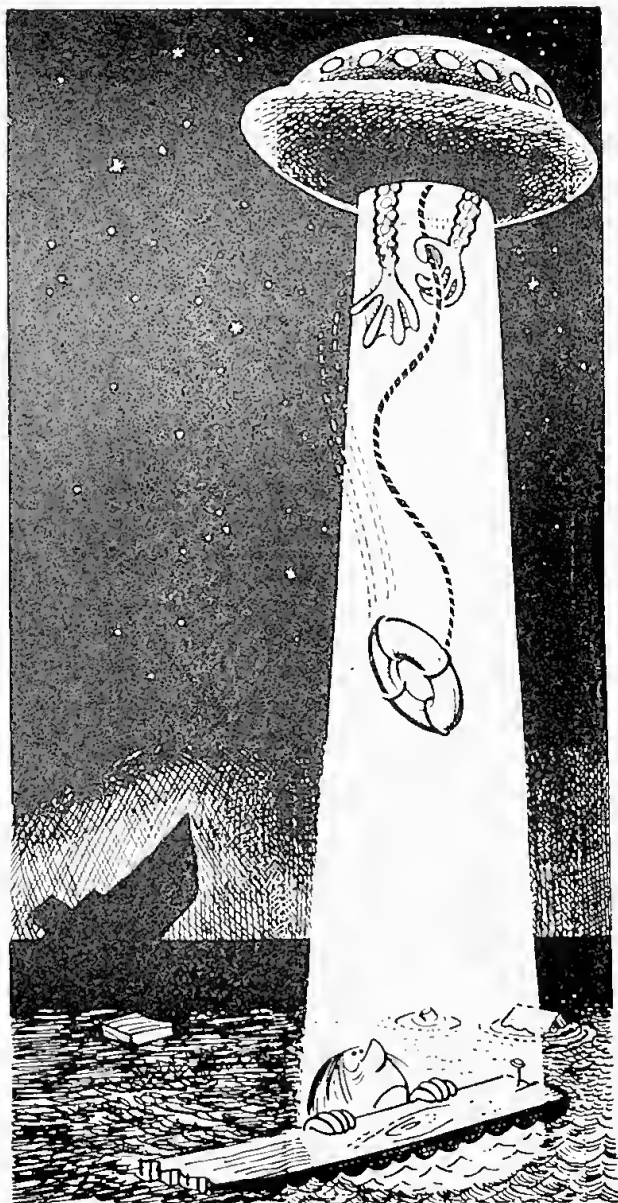
## CHAPTER 10

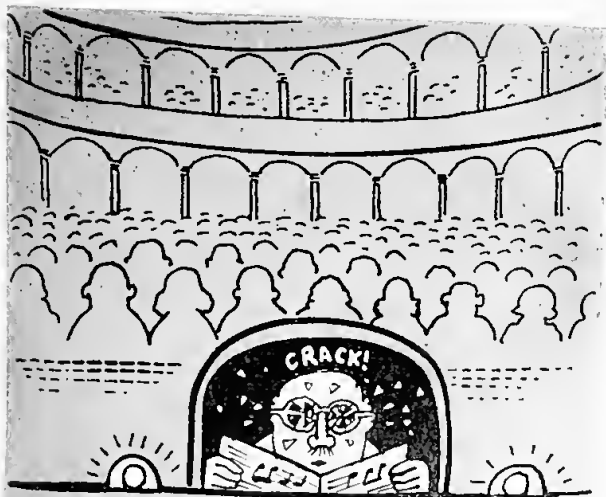
# Another distressing accumulation of jumbled jocularities



I know they have a highly  
organized society but  
this is ridiculous.





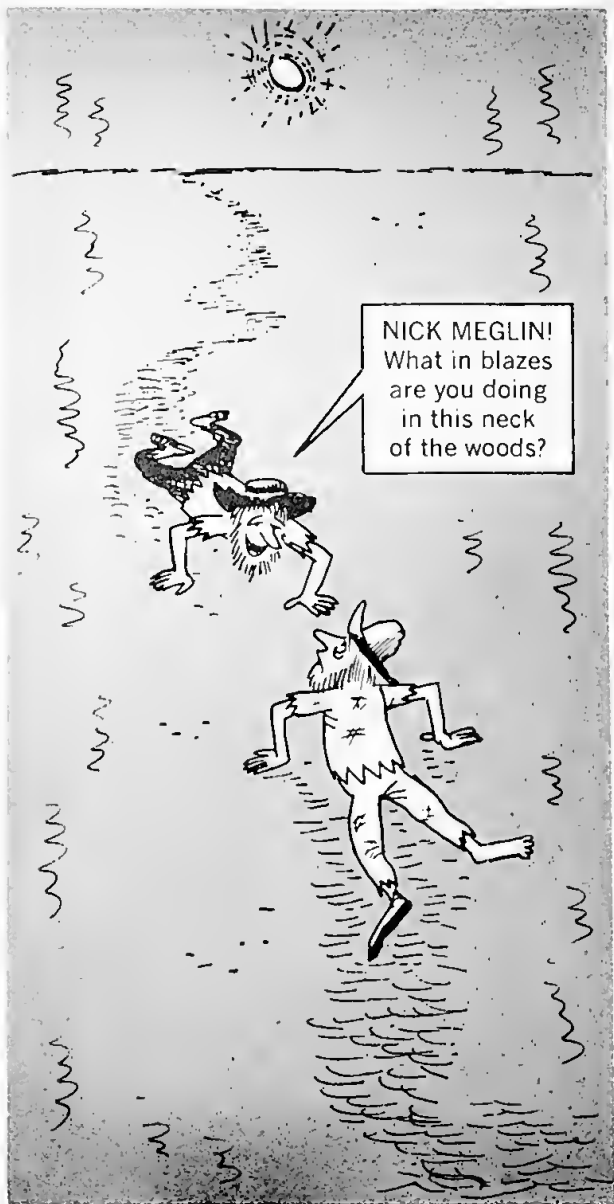




Who the hell  
has been using  
my electric  
toothbrush?



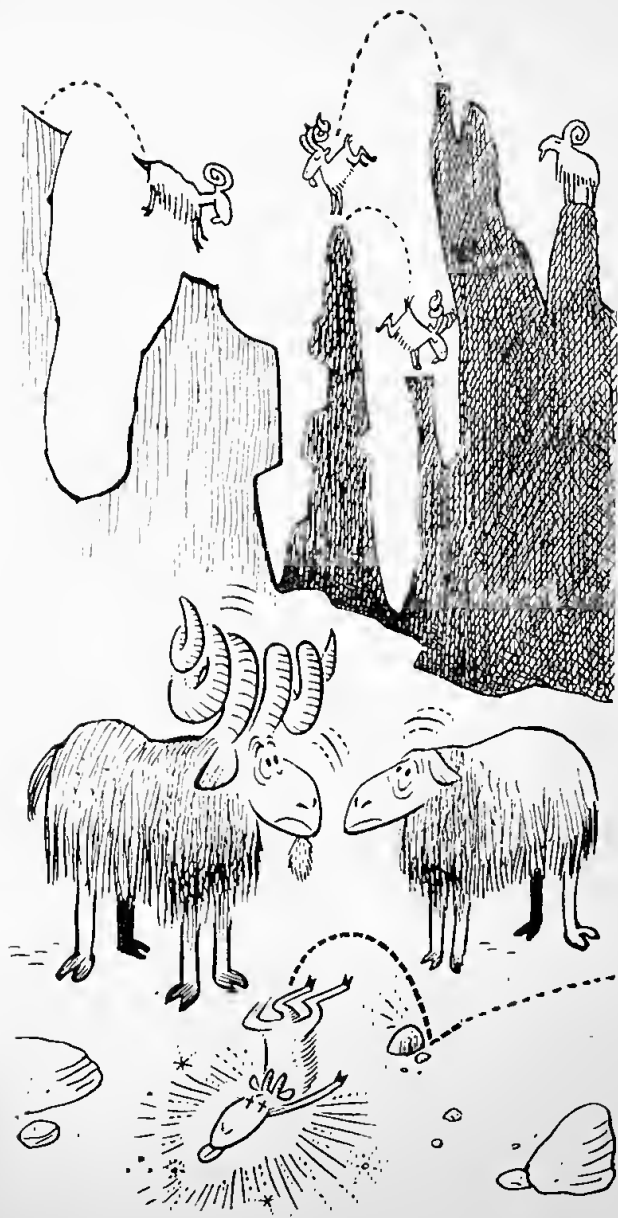




NICK MEGLIN!  
What in blazes  
are you doing  
in this neck  
of the woods?

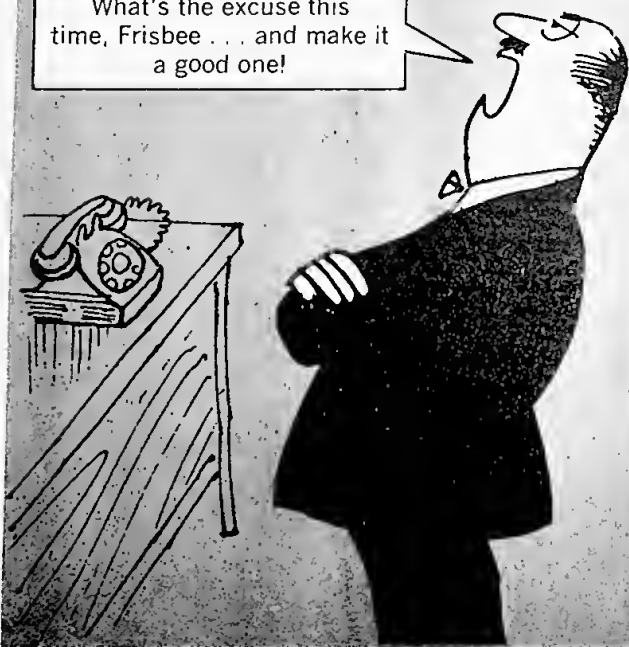
How did I know it was  
his first job? He said,  
"Mand over the honey and  
you hon't wet gurt!"





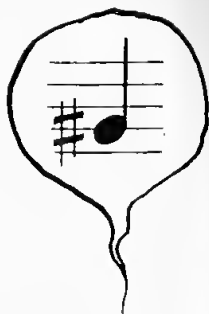
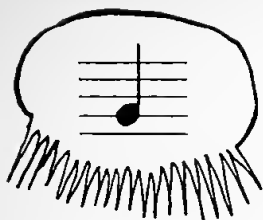


What's the excuse this time, Frisbee . . . and make it a good one!



# A noteworthy event

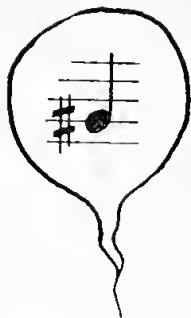
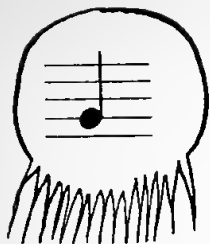






One more chance.  
Get it right, or  
get out.





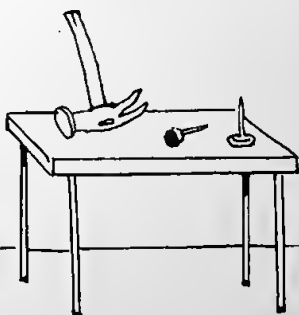
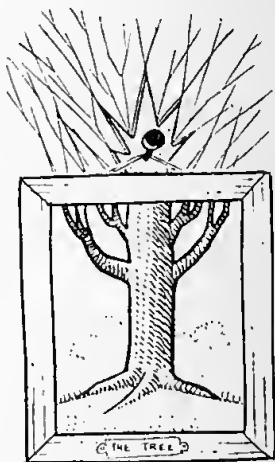
OKAY,  
OUT!



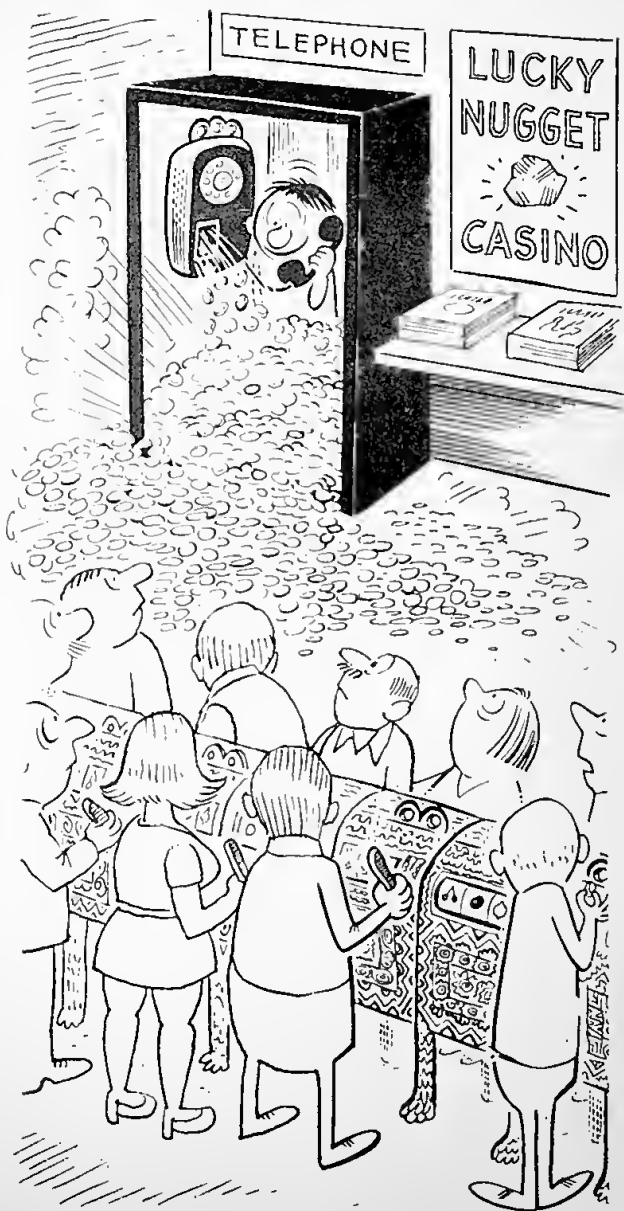


## CHAPTER 12

*Another irritating clutch  
of burdensome banalities*



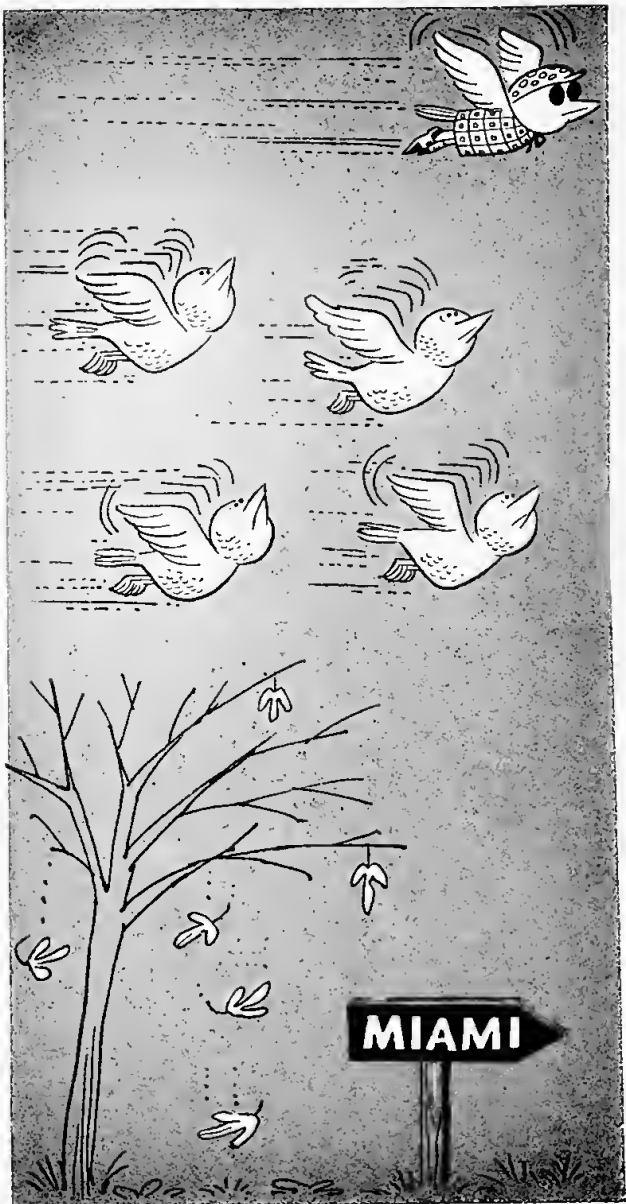




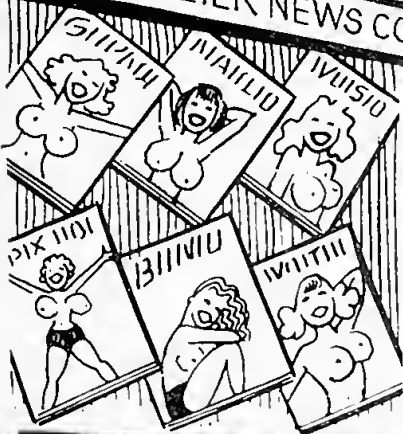
Lucky, devil.  
I believe you've  
struck oil.







DAVID FRAZIER NEWS CO.





Remember. We've  
got to keep each  
other's spirits  
up or we'll both  
go nuts.



# EASTERN AUTO RENTALS

CURRENT LOCATION OF CARS



It's on  
a ferry.



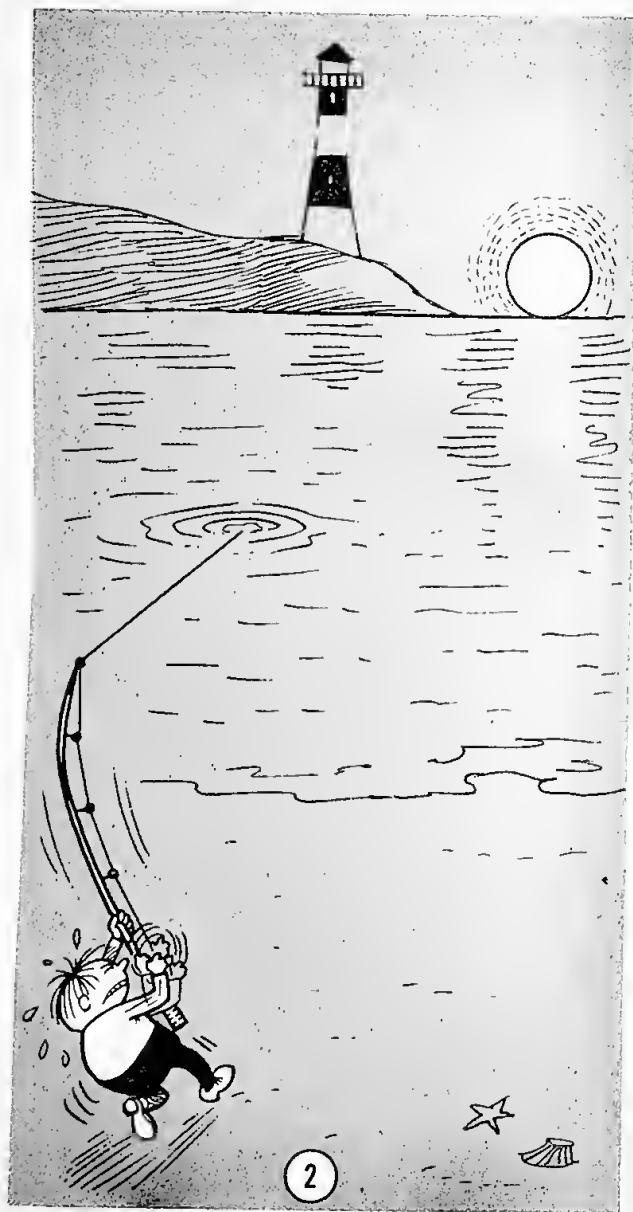
FRANK  
'N'  
DRINK  
60¢

Yeah, I got  
the raise and  
I'm blowing it  
all on lunch.

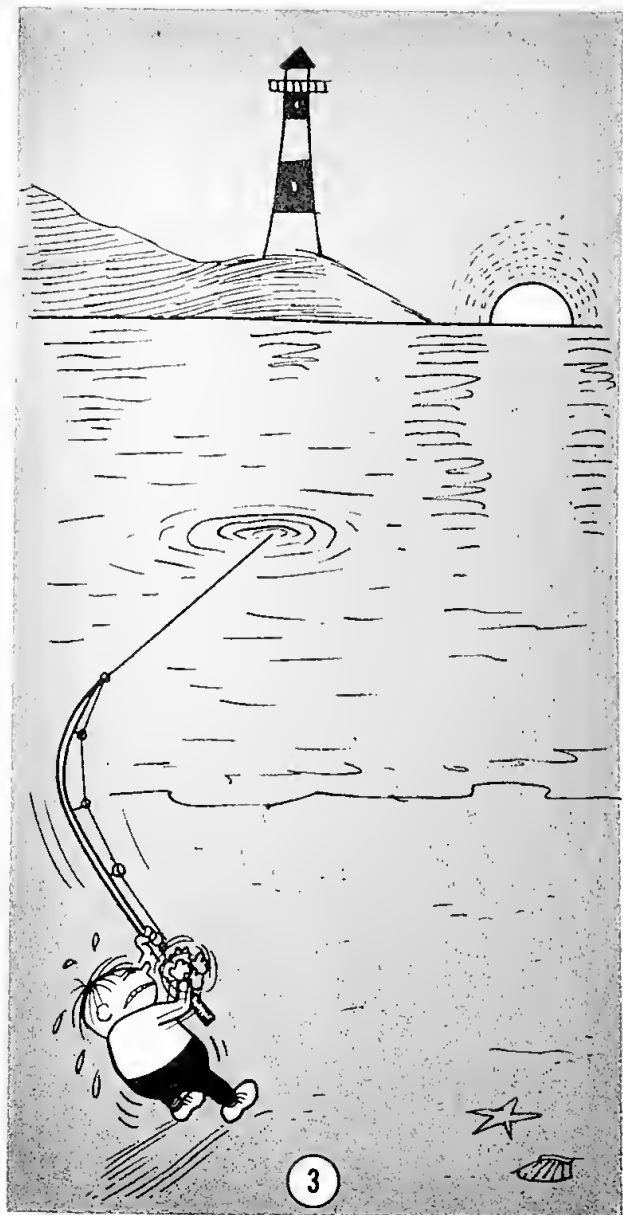


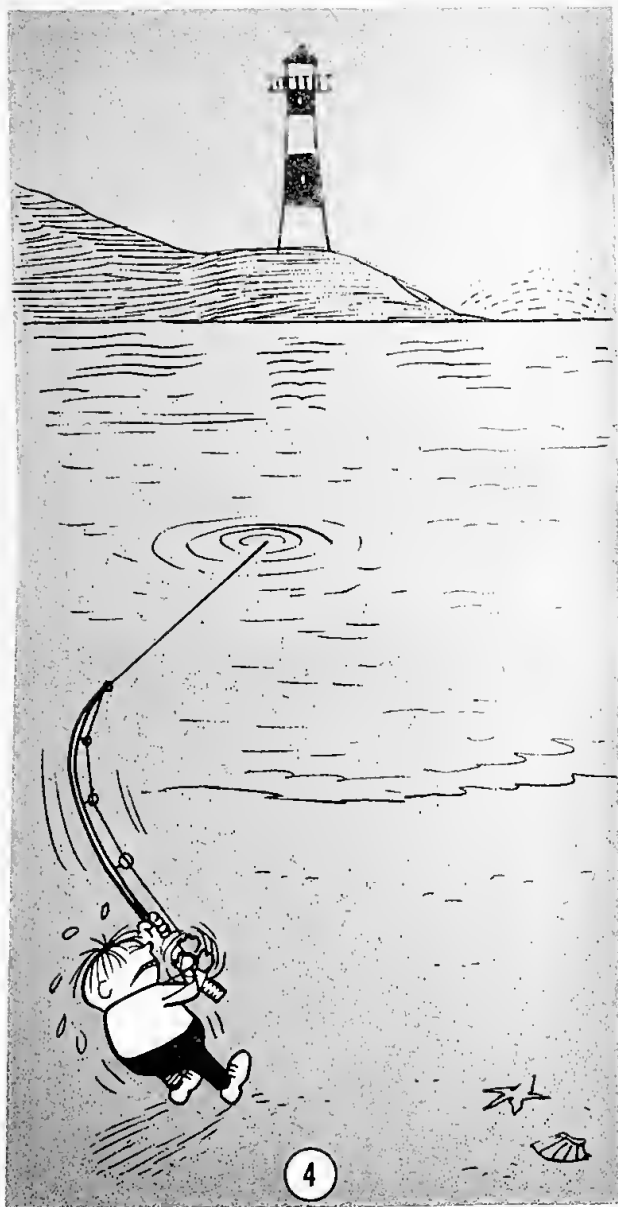
# A reel life drama

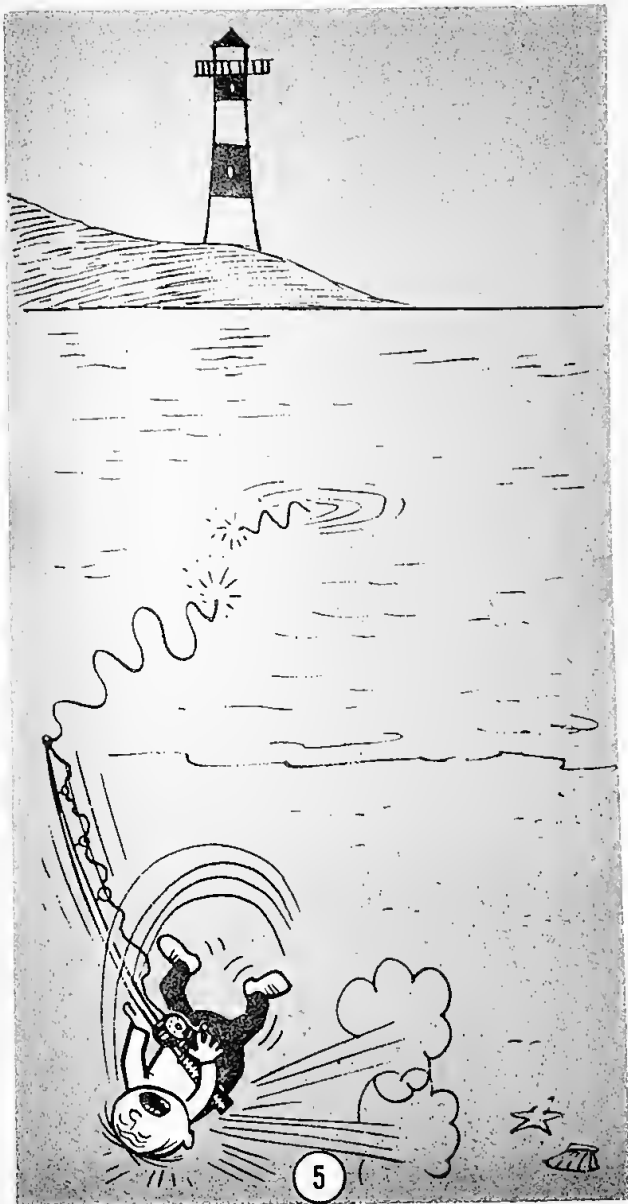












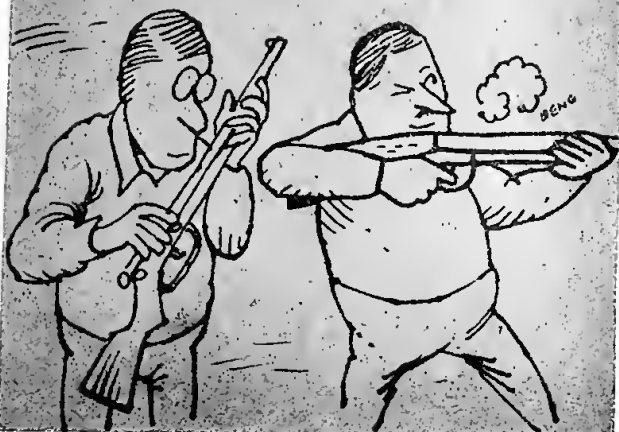


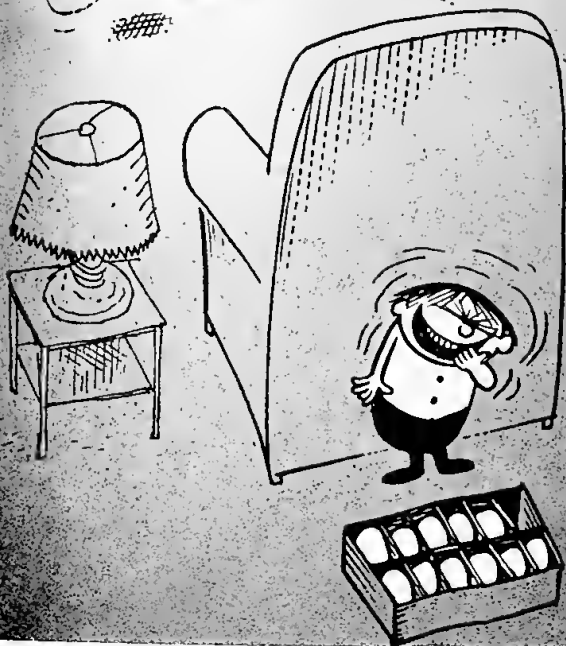
Another galling  
compilation of  
contrived comicalities

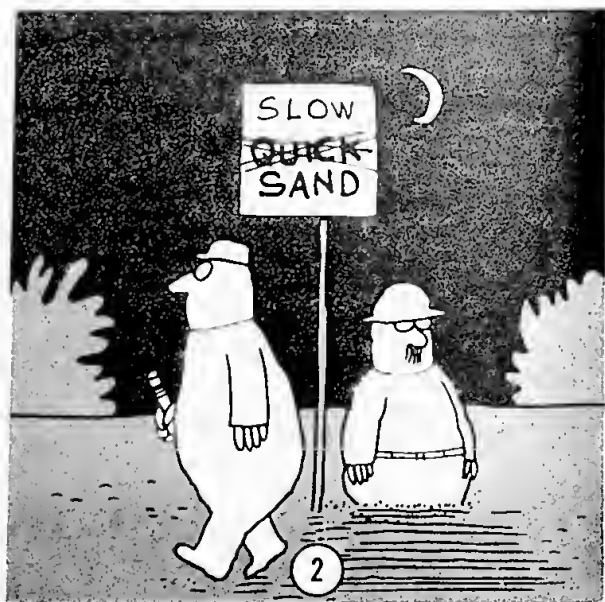
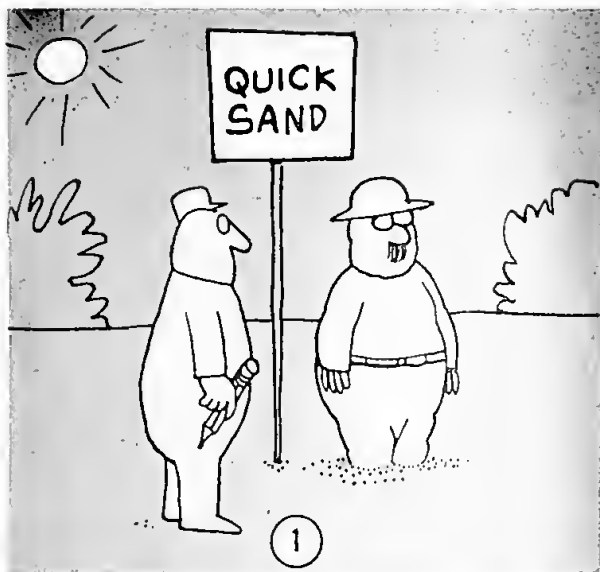


I suggest  
you go home  
and change  
your shirt,  
Bedlow.

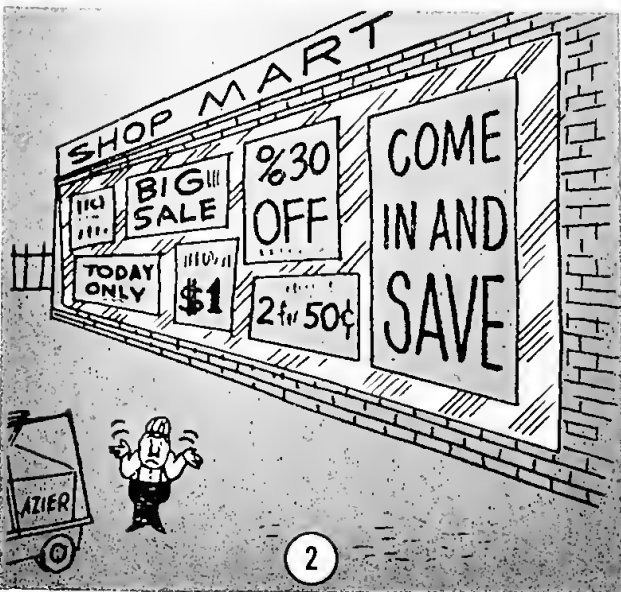
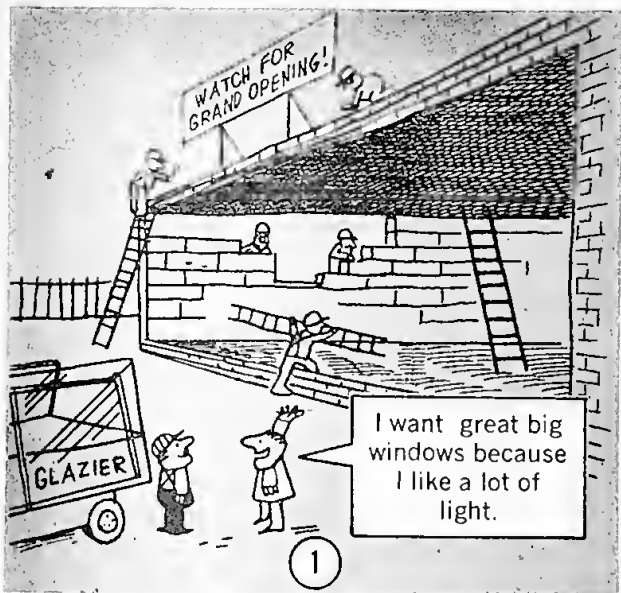
Yutzville  
GUN  
CLUB

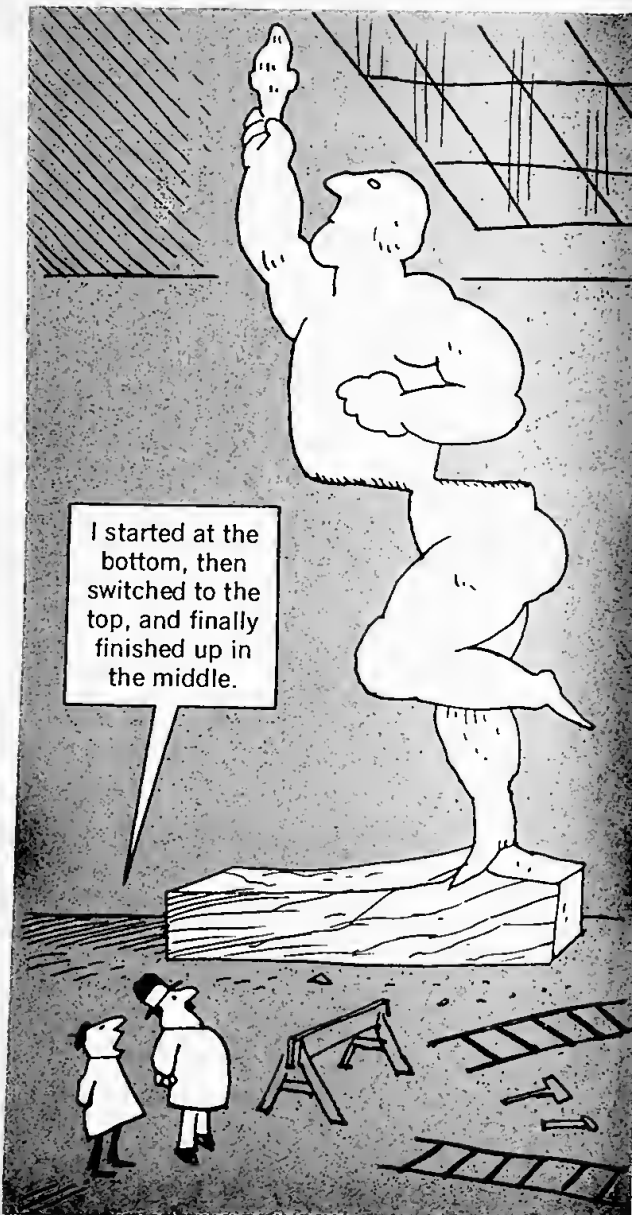












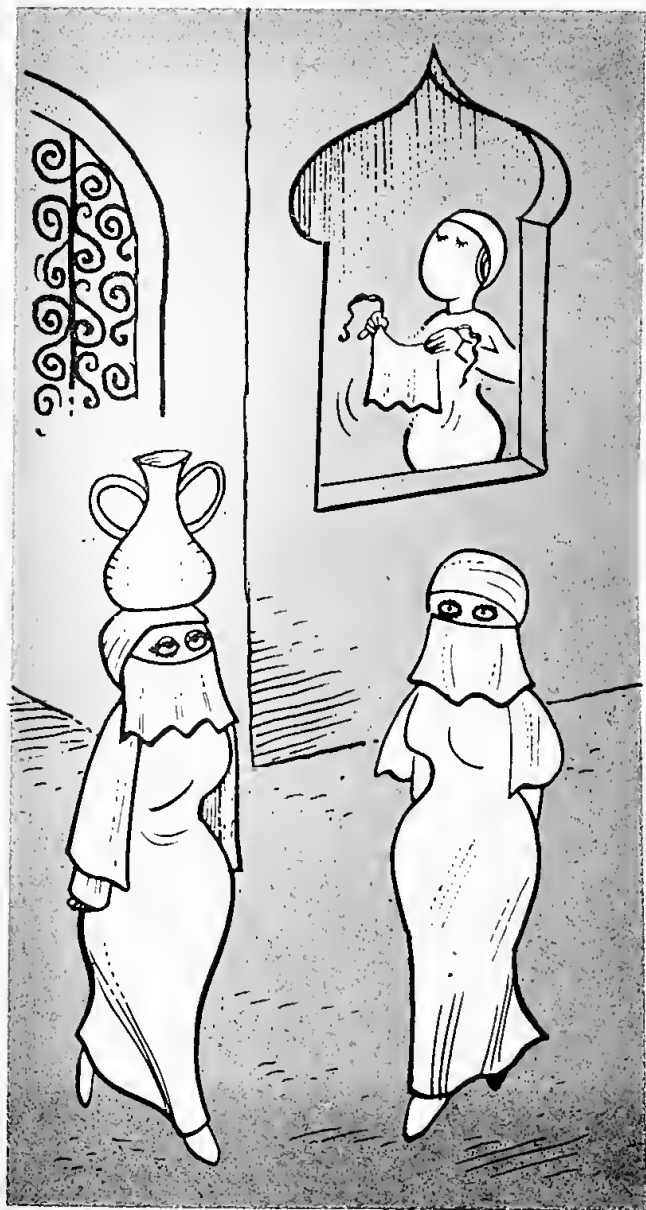
I started at the  
bottom, then  
switched to the  
top, and finally  
finished up in  
the middle.



# MATERNITY

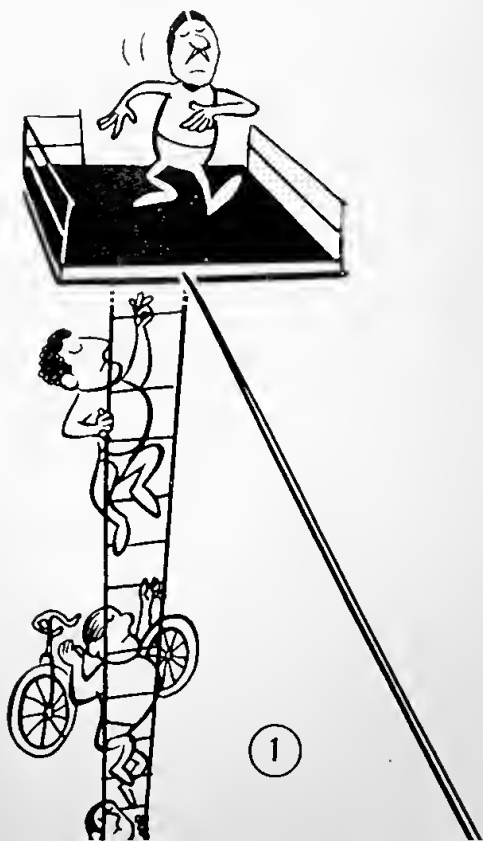
Don't get excited,  
Mr. Birdwell. It's  
only laundry.

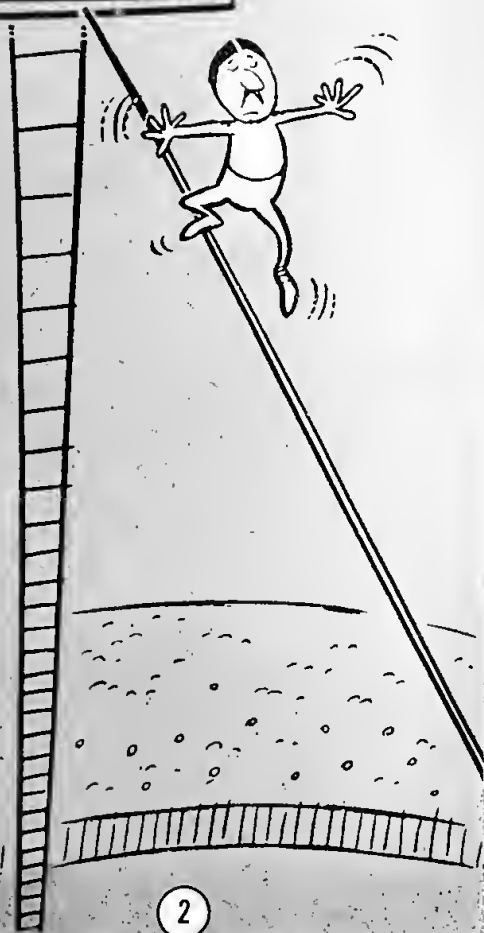
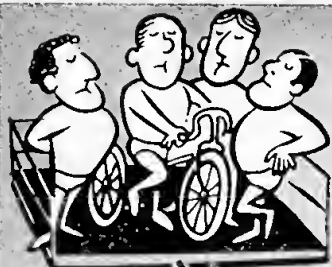






# *a tight spot*



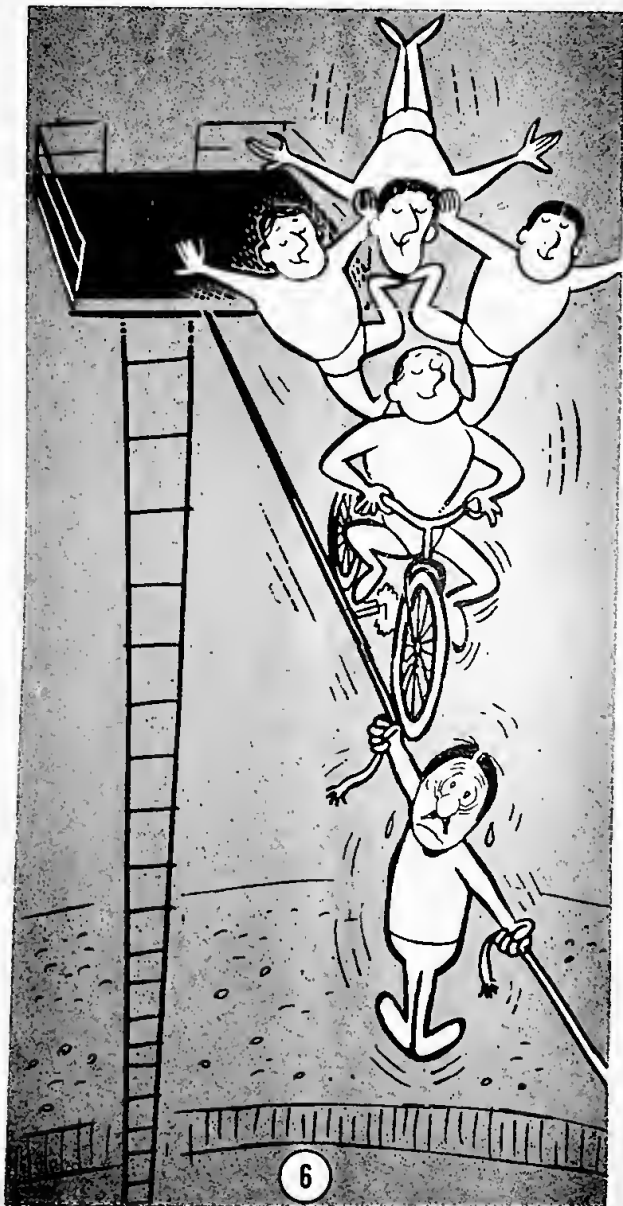






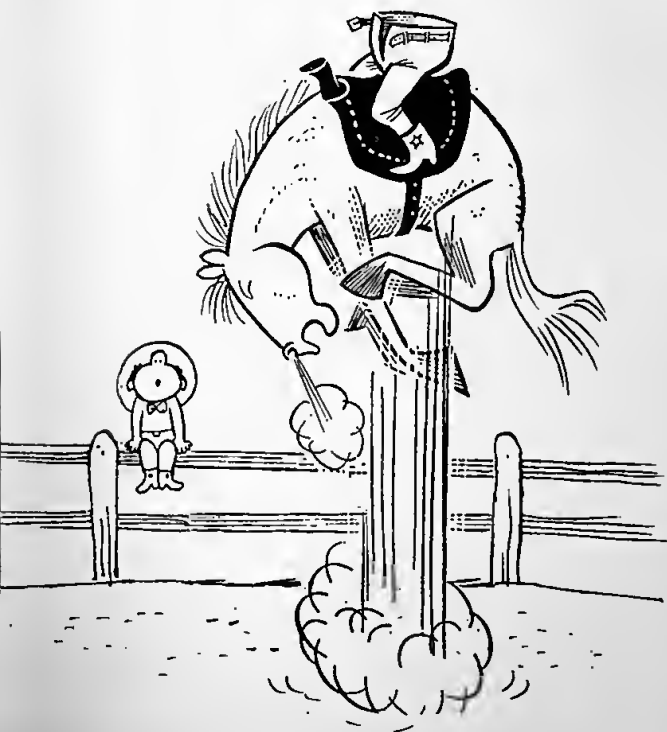




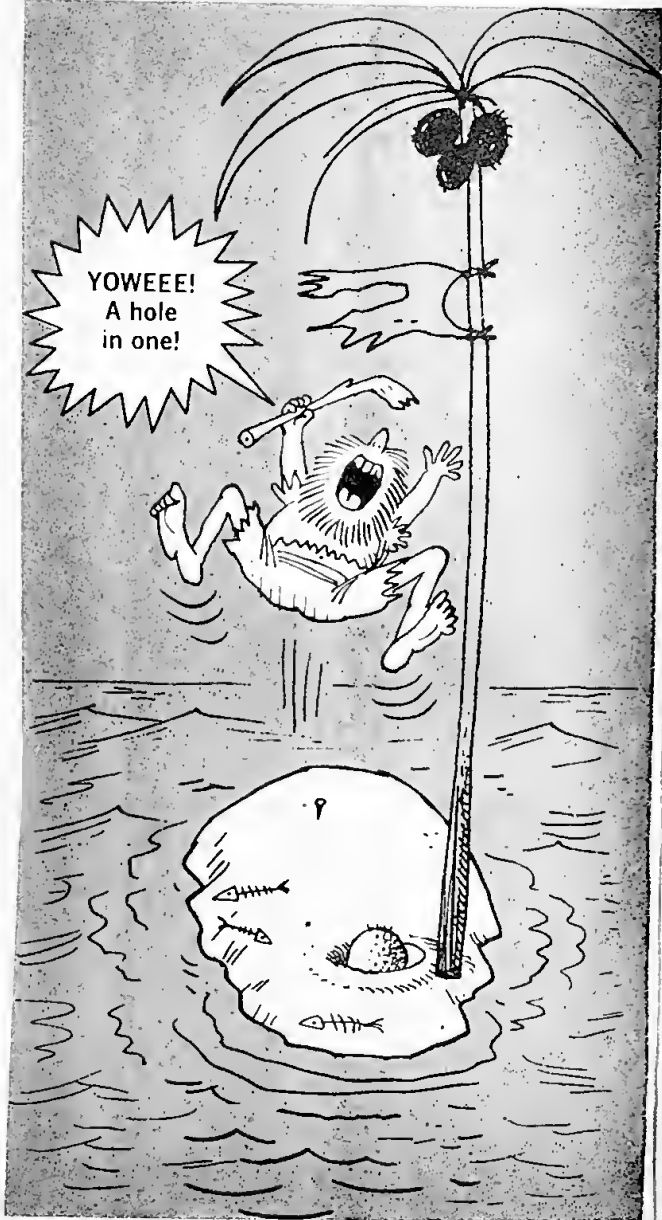


## CHAPTER 16

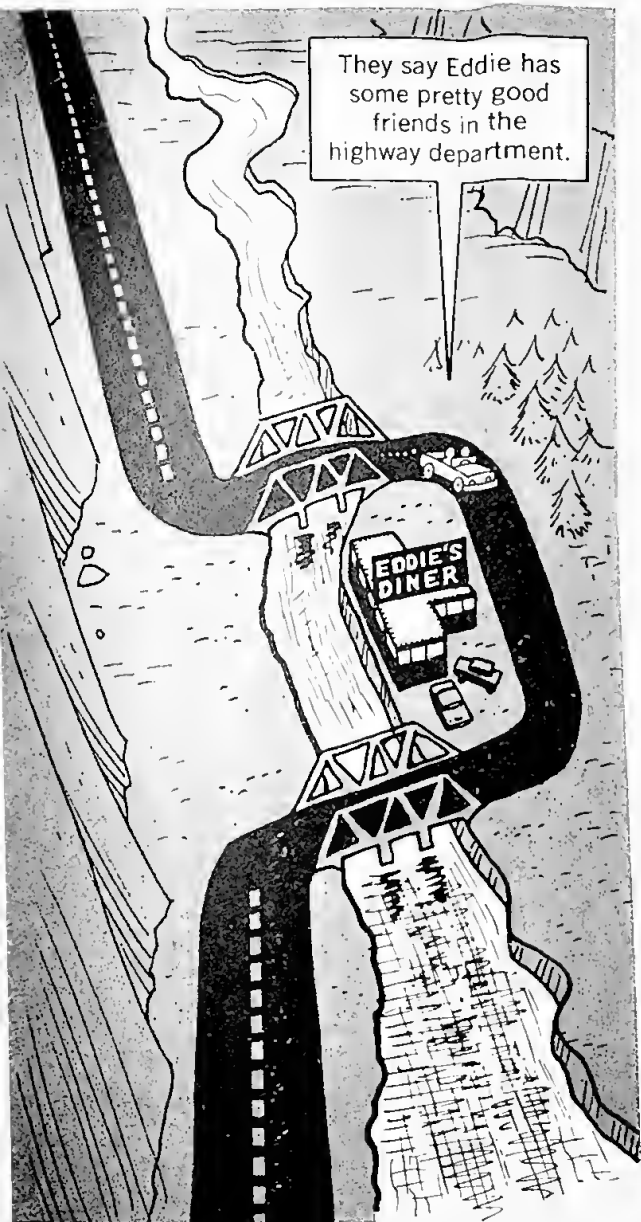
Another pitiable roundup  
of ridiculous  
risibilities



YOWEEE!  
A hole  
in one!



They say Eddie has  
some pretty good  
friends in the  
highway department.



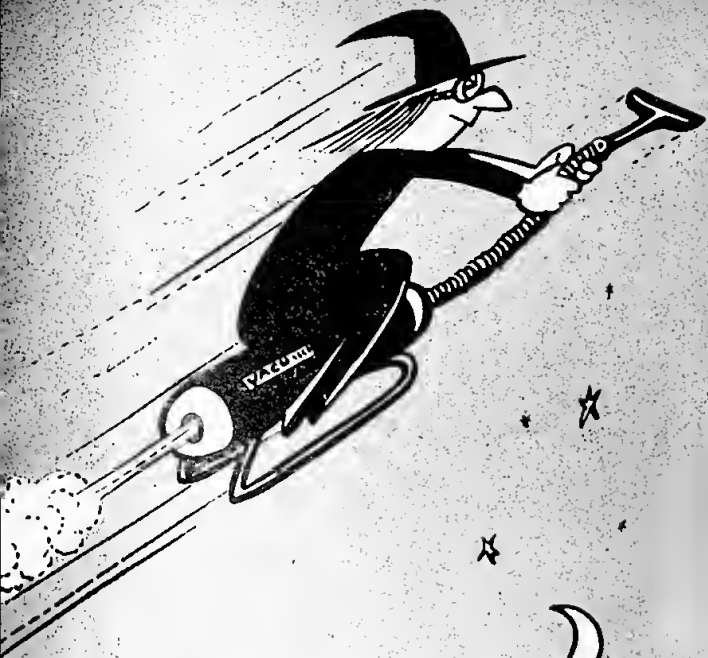
You'll just  
have to buy  
a grater . . . I  
can't  
afford to  
be late for  
rehearsal  
again.





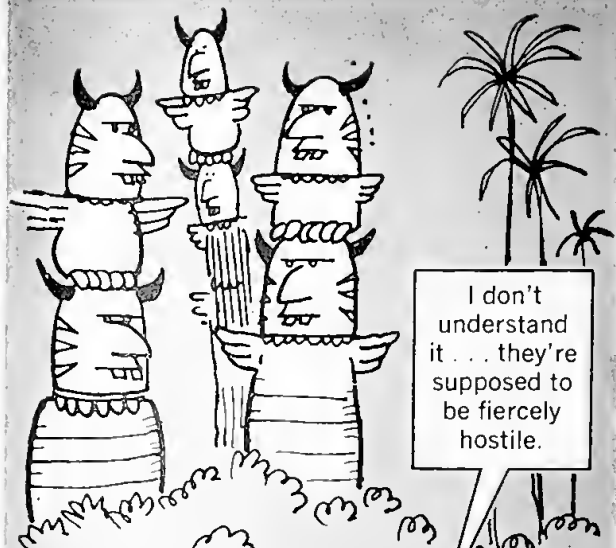






PRISON  
HOBBY  
SHOP





I don't  
understand  
it . . . they're  
supposed to  
be fiercely  
hostile.





# One dark and dreary knight

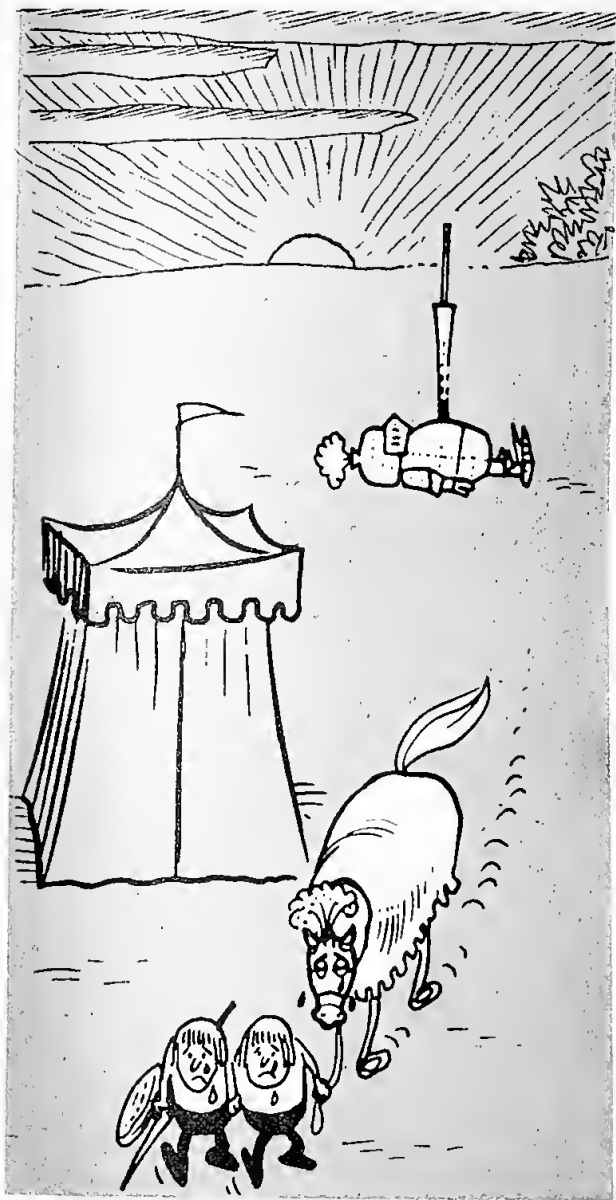


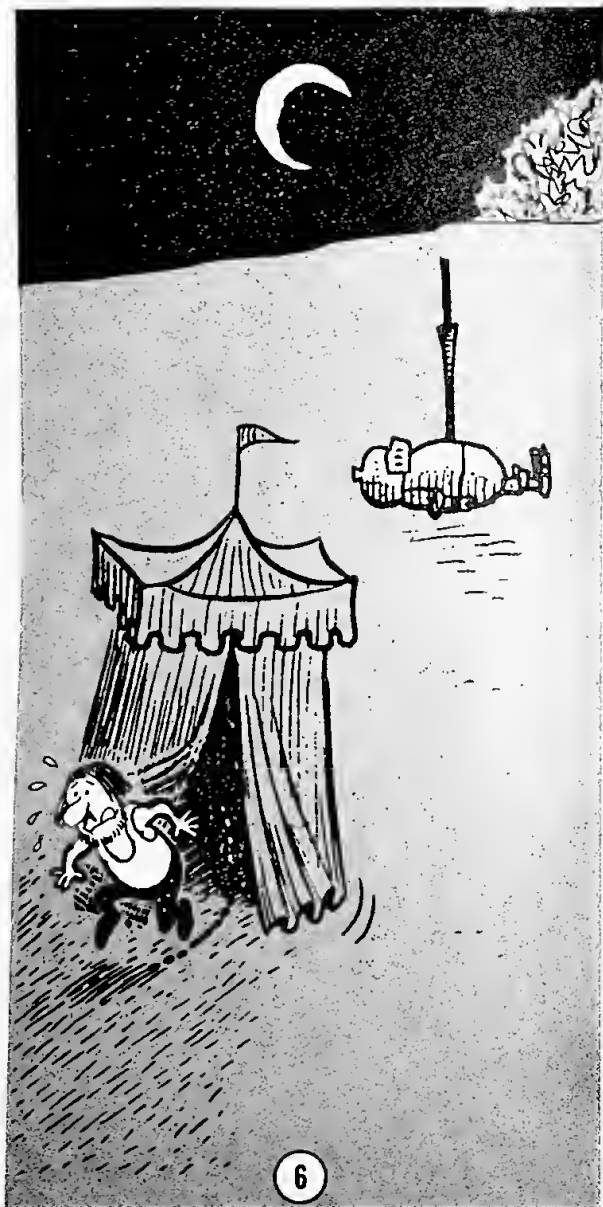












CHAPTER 18

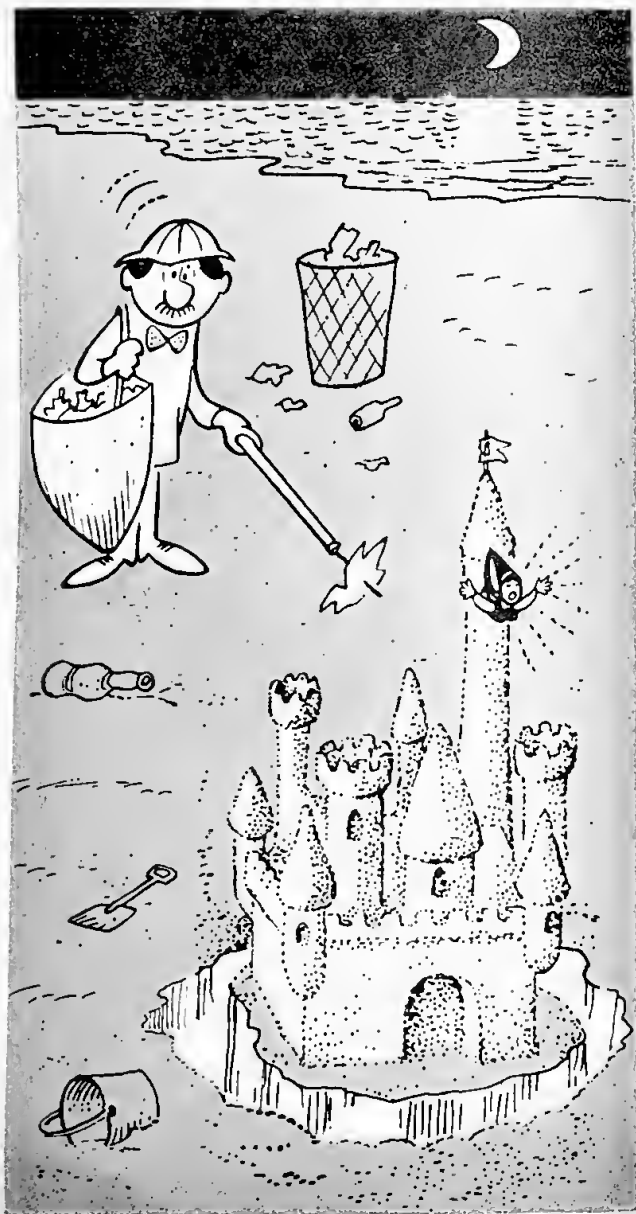
Another disagreeable  
conglomeration of  
dimwitted drolleries



Give me one good  
reason why carrying  
passengers in  
trailers needs  
to be illegal.



Why in blazes  
didn't you say  
you were start-  
ing at the top.







There's not a  
thing wrong with  
you that a little  
fun and relaxation  
won't cure.



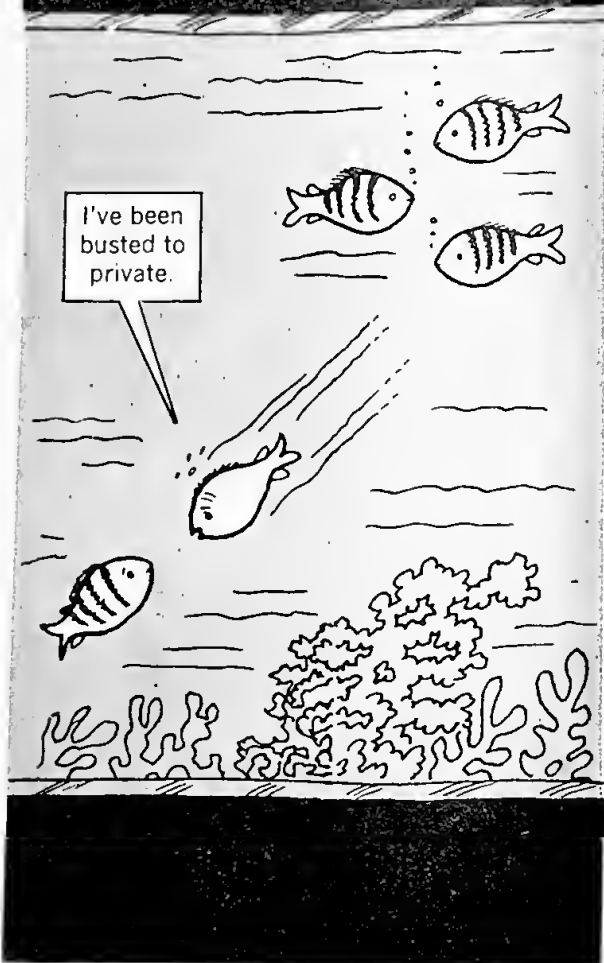
If he thinks the  
soup tastes like  
dishwater, let's  
see what he thinks  
**THIS** tastes like.

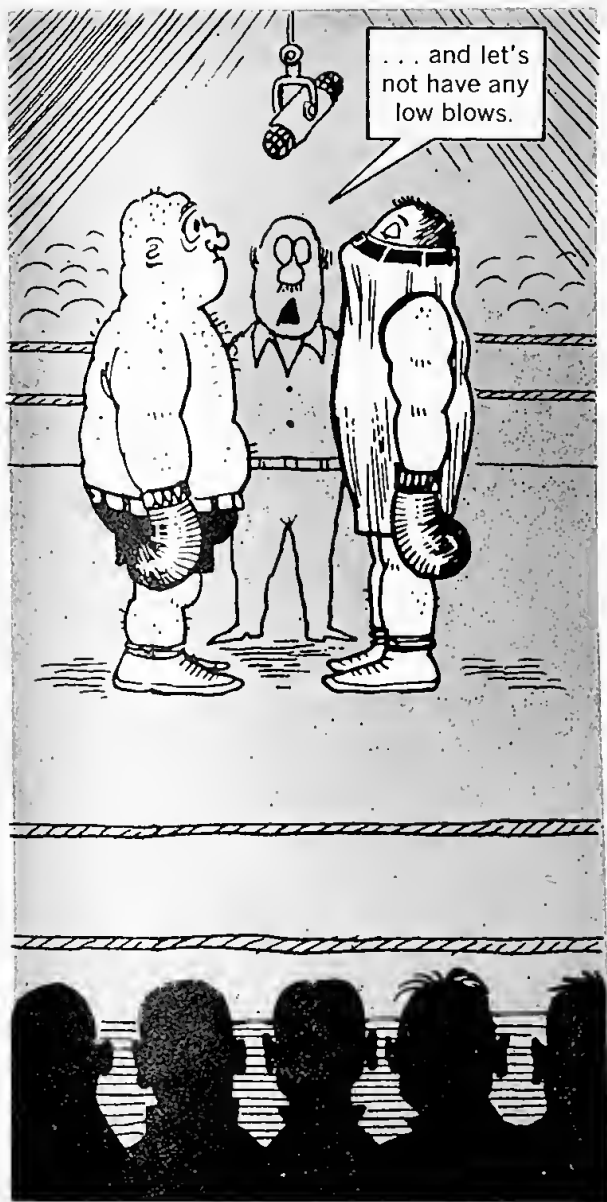


TROPICAL FISH

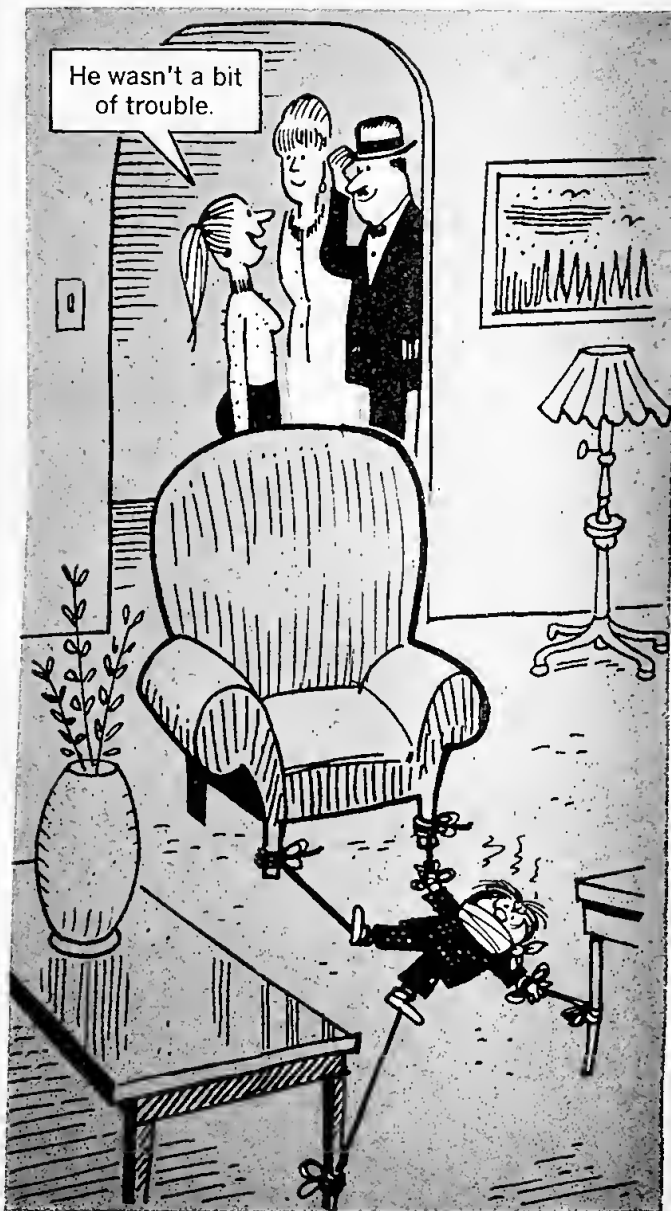
# SERGEANT MAJORS

I've been  
busted to  
private.



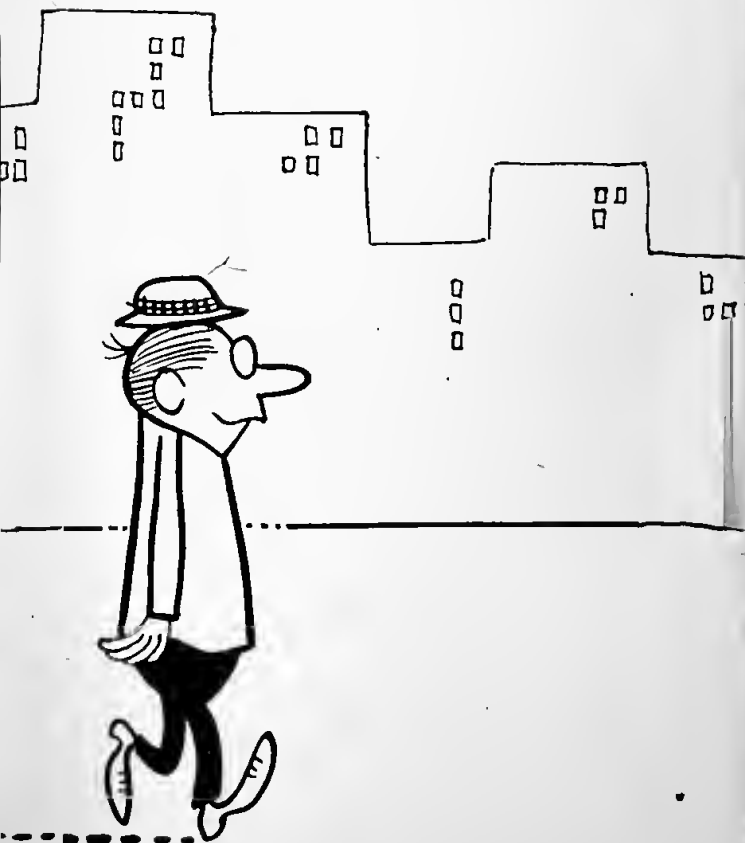


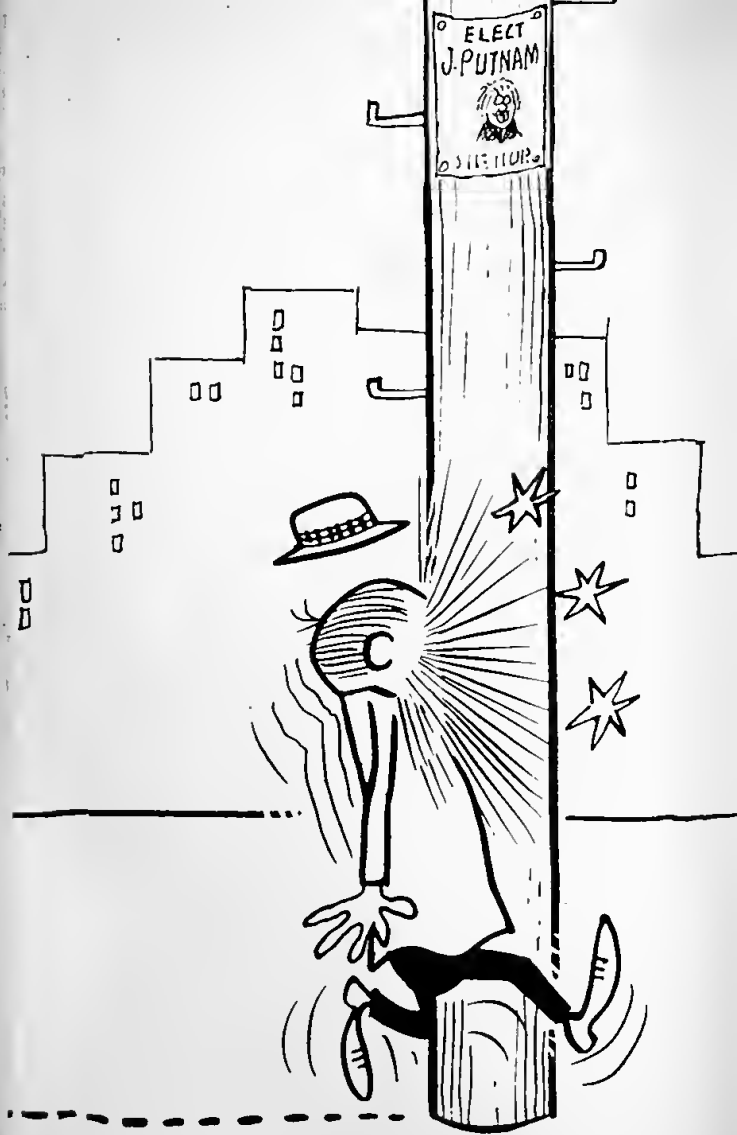
He wasn't a bit  
of trouble.



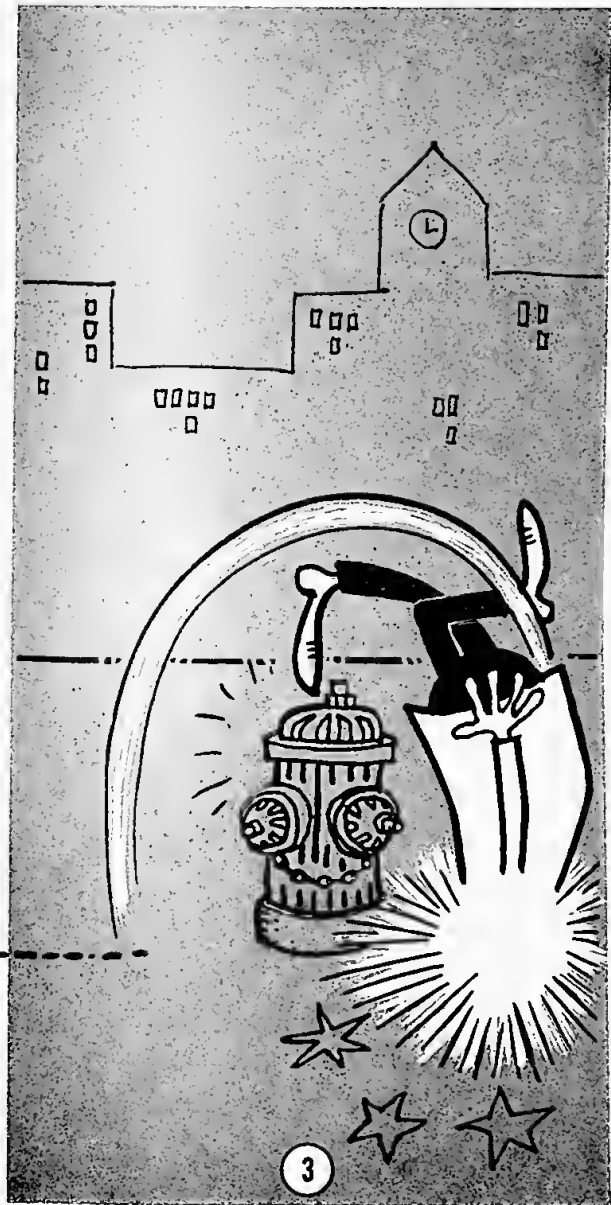
CHAPTER 19

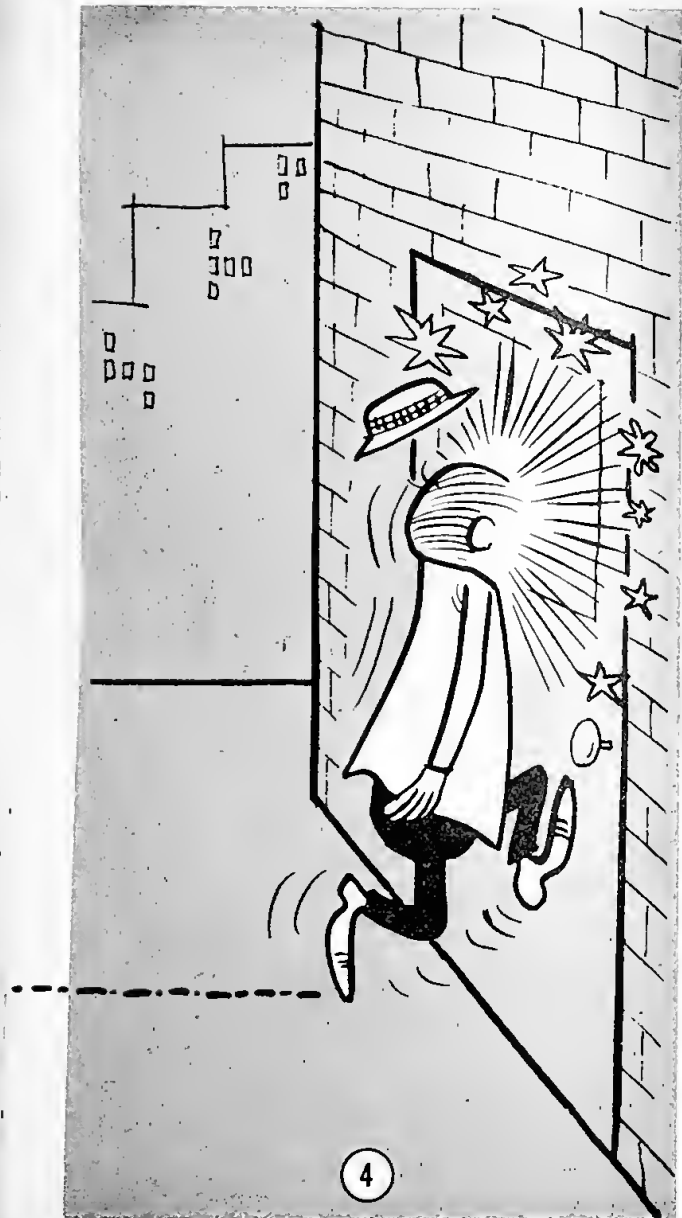
An out of sight  
saga

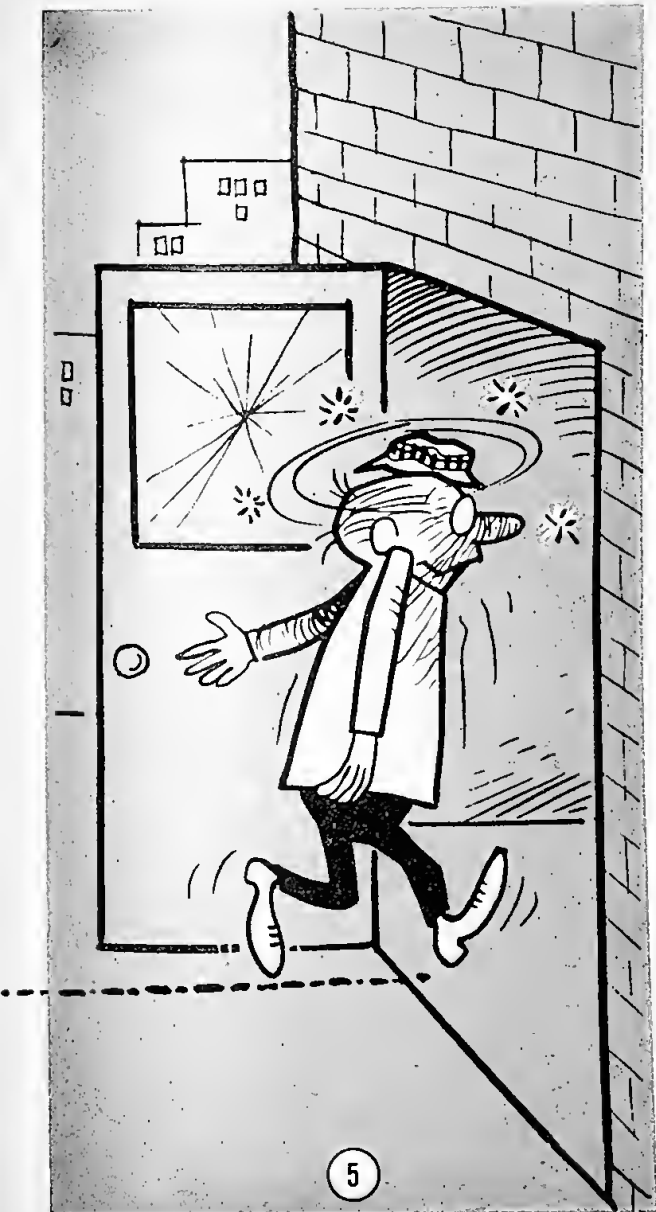


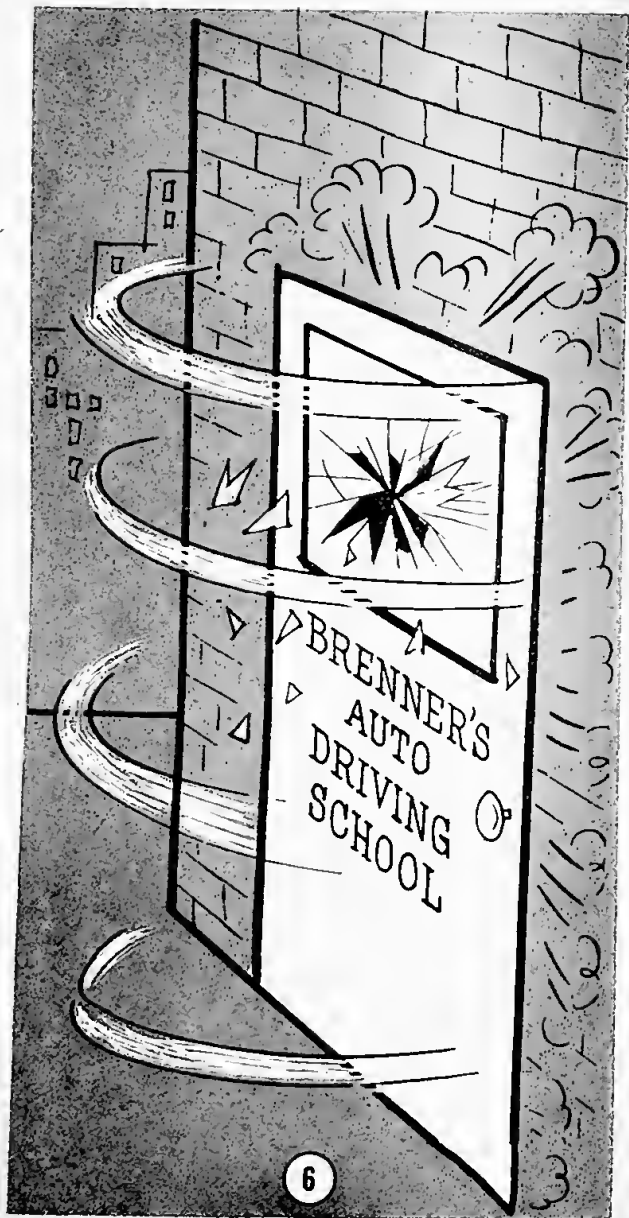






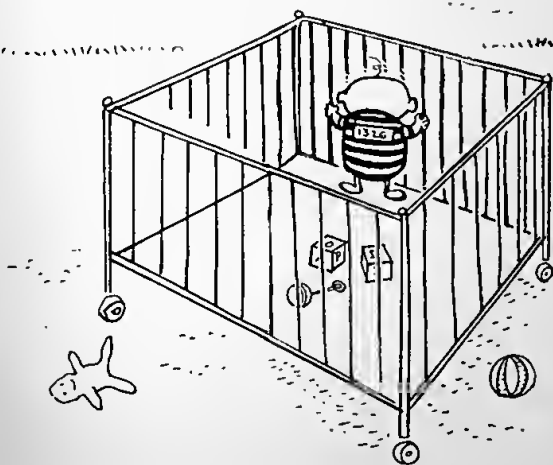
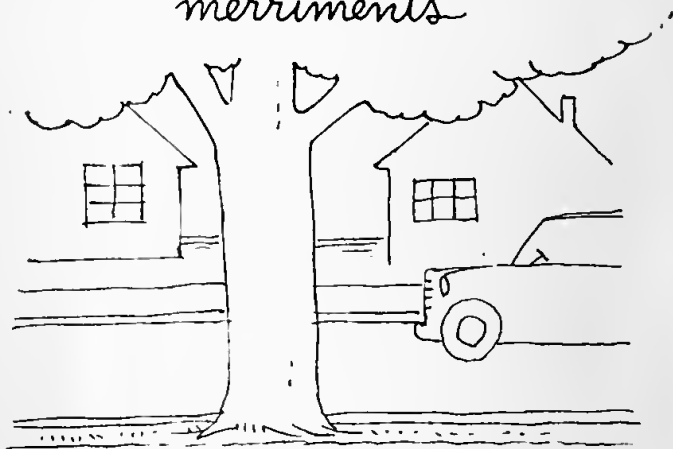


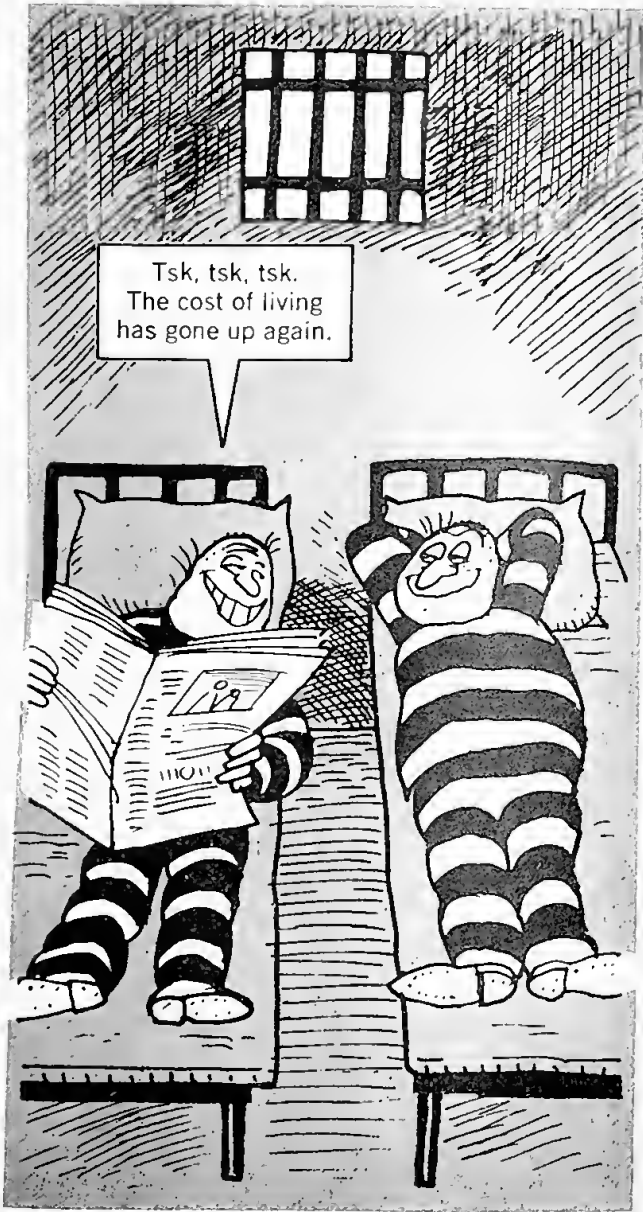




## CHAPTER 20

Another lamentable quantity  
of meaningless  
merriments



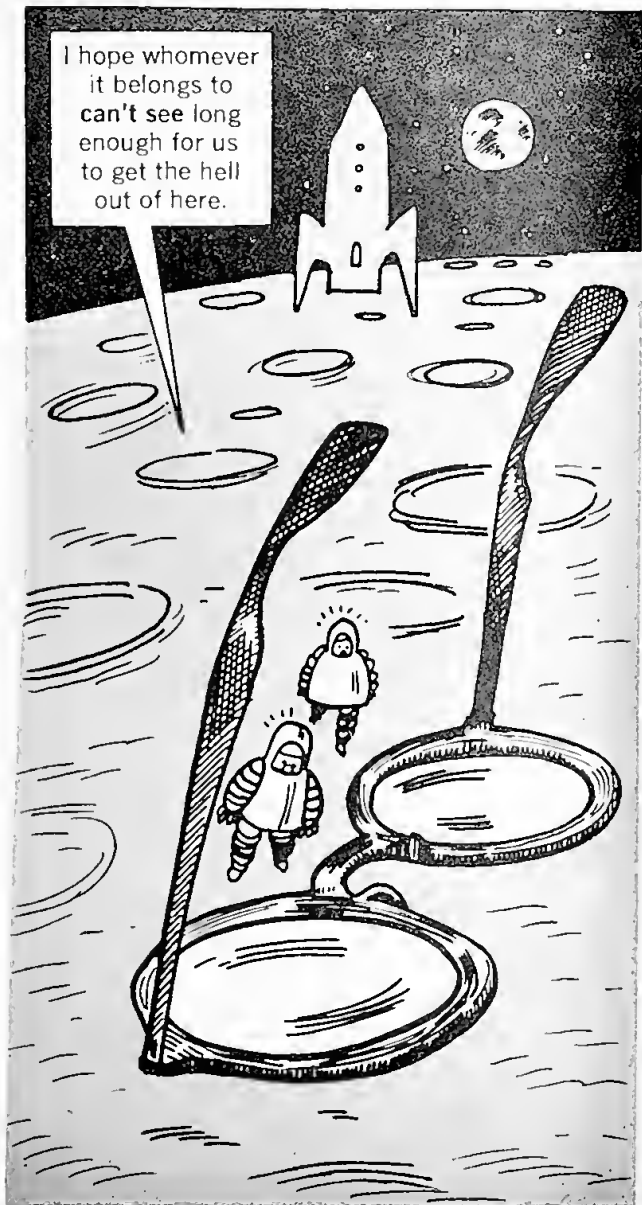


Tsk, tsk, tsk.  
The cost of living  
has gone up again.

... but before we begin our dictation for today, a word from our sponsor. . . . Do you suffer from "OVERSLEEP"? Do you get to your office late every day? Do you worry about losing your job? . . .



I hope whomever  
it belongs to  
**can't** see long  
enough for us  
to get the hell  
out of here.



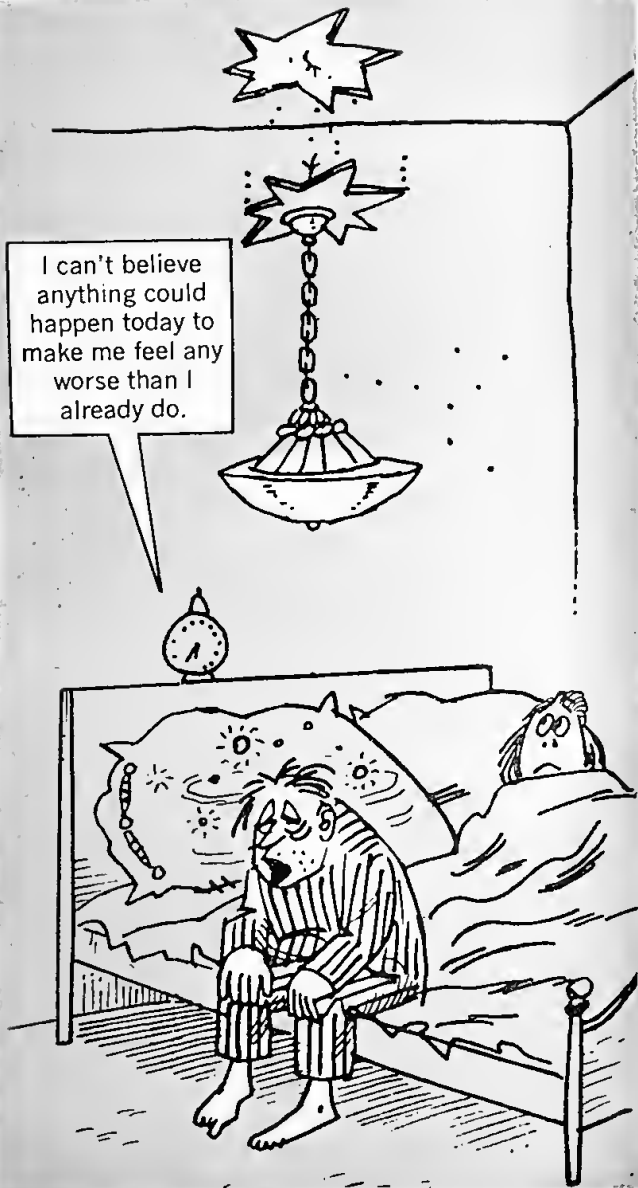




And now . . .  
the hard way.

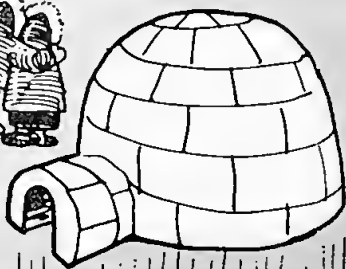


I can't believe  
anything could  
happen today to  
make me feel any  
worse than I  
already do.



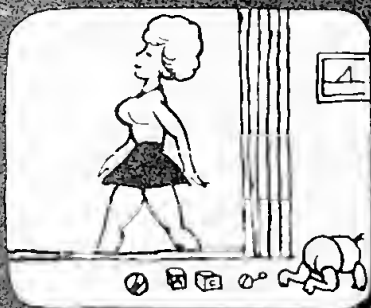


A lot of the old  
values are lost  
when the young  
people return from  
the white man's  
school, Neeneenanoo.



That convertible  
you sold me just  
converted itself  
into a piece  
of junk.





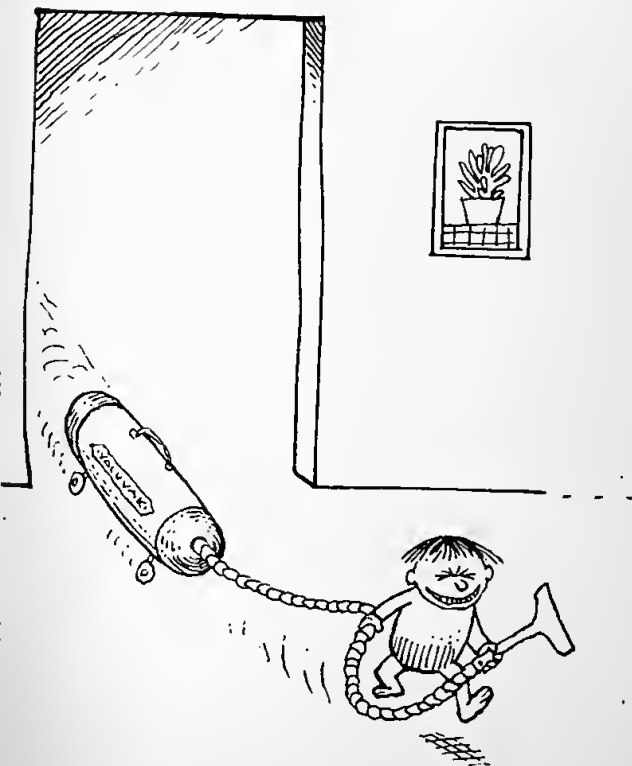
Now here's  
a really  
good shot  
of the baby.



Naw, fishing's terrible here.  
Try the other side of the lake.

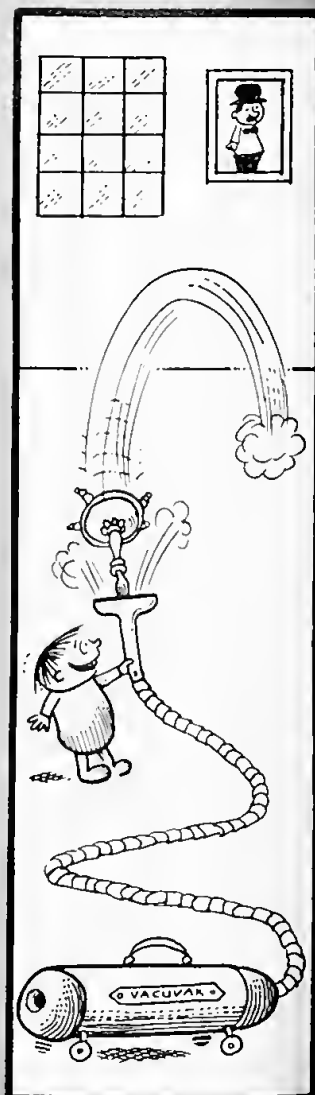


# A sucker story



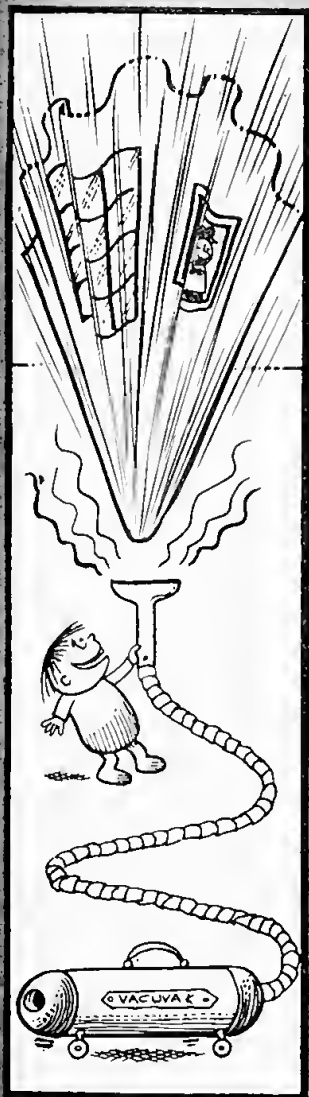


2

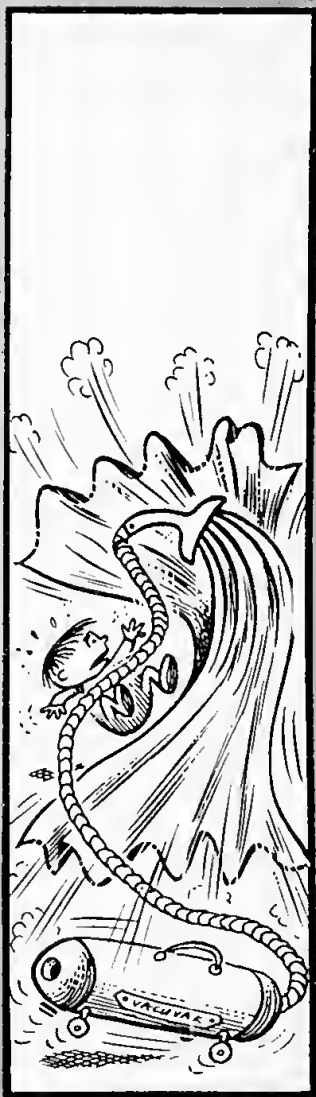


3





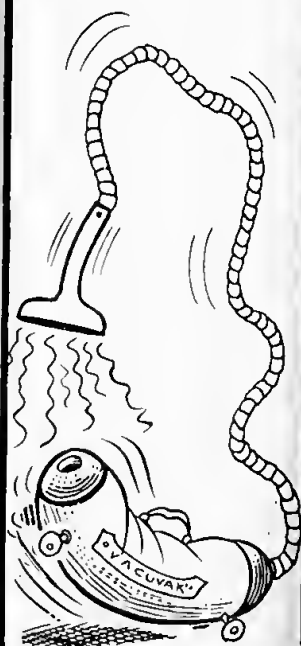
4



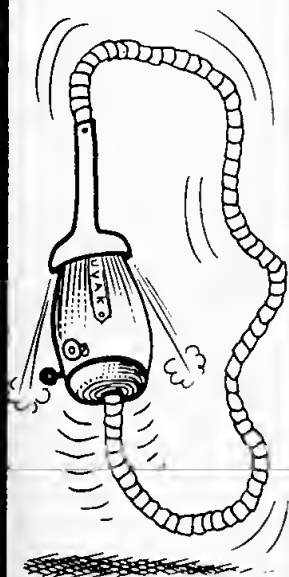
5



6



7



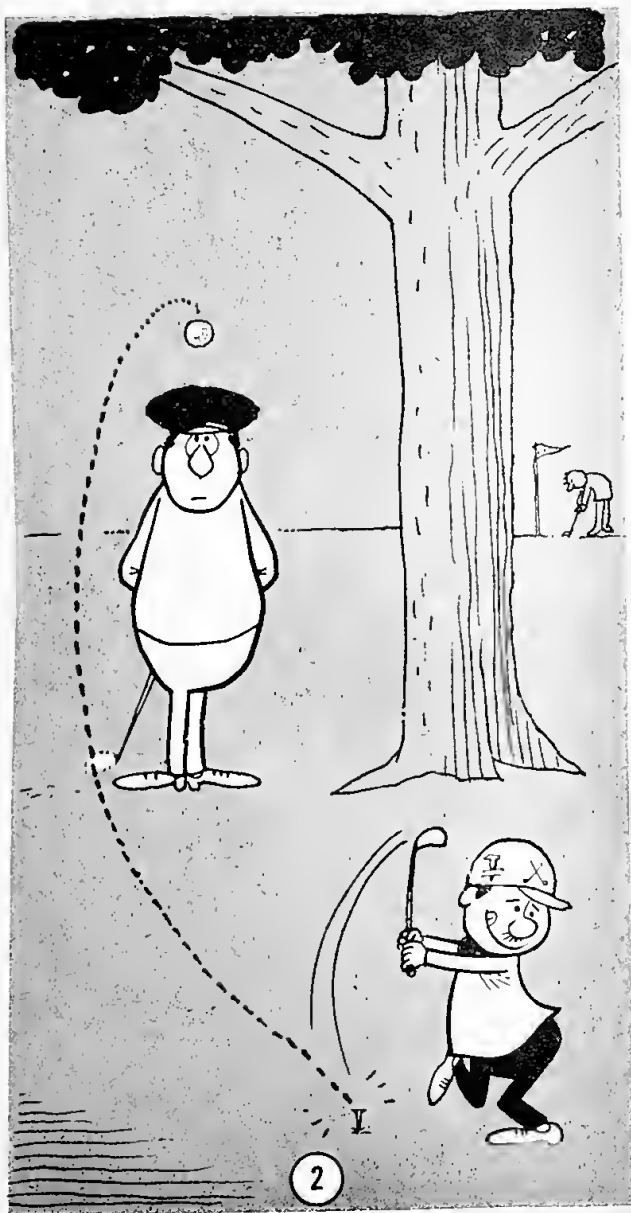
8

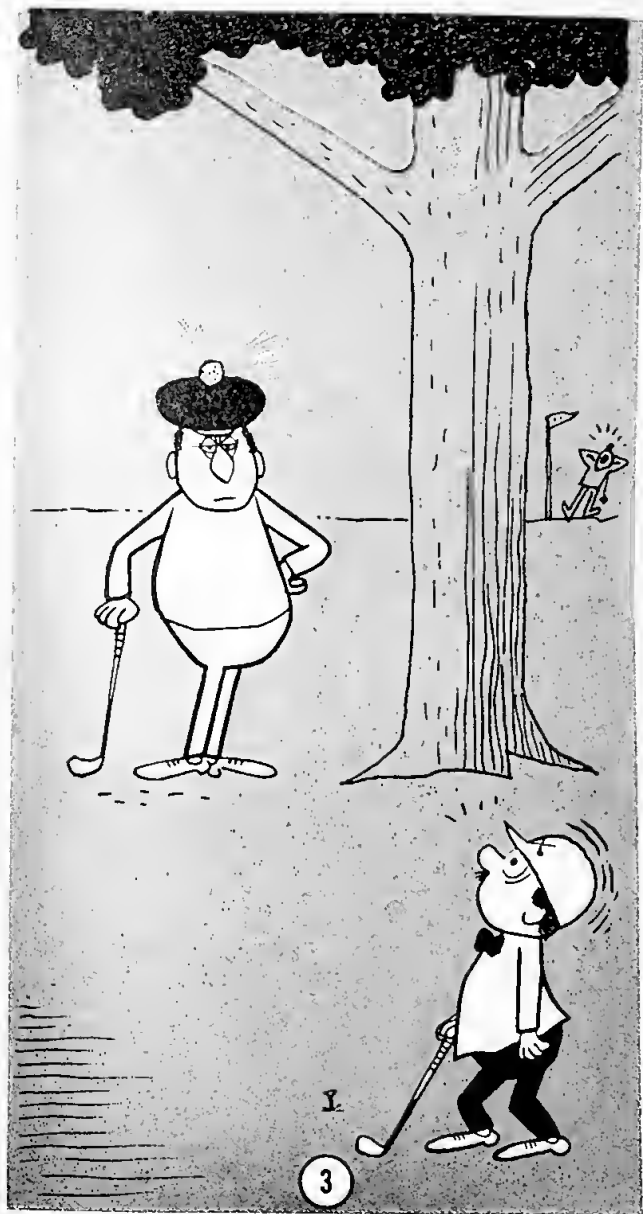
9



# A heady experience







I

3

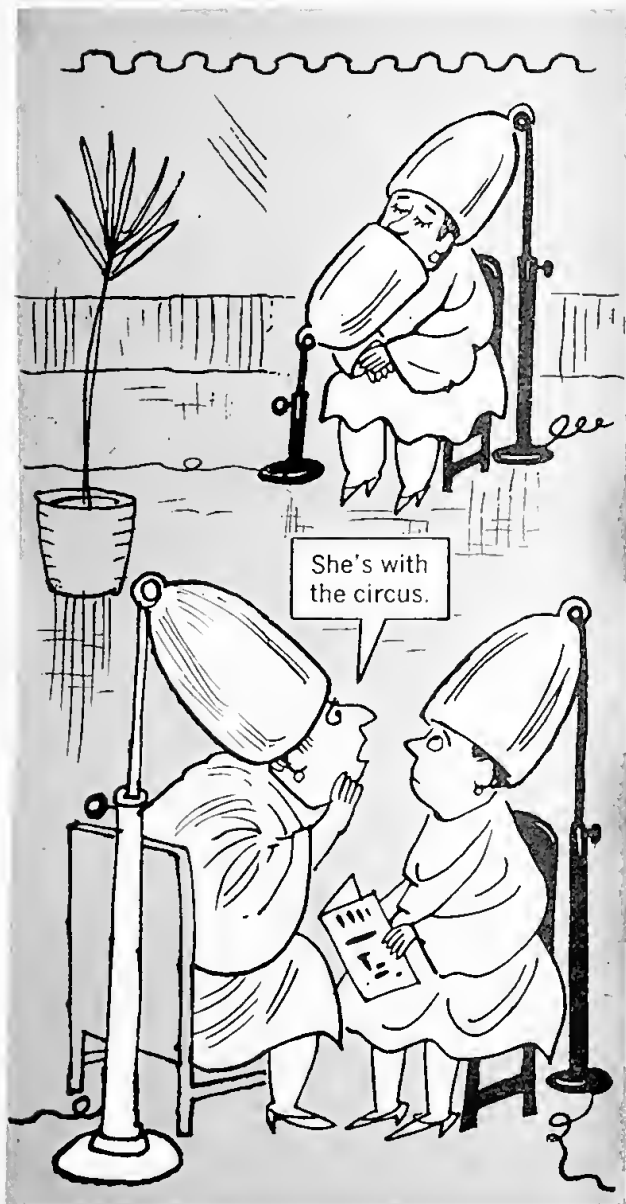


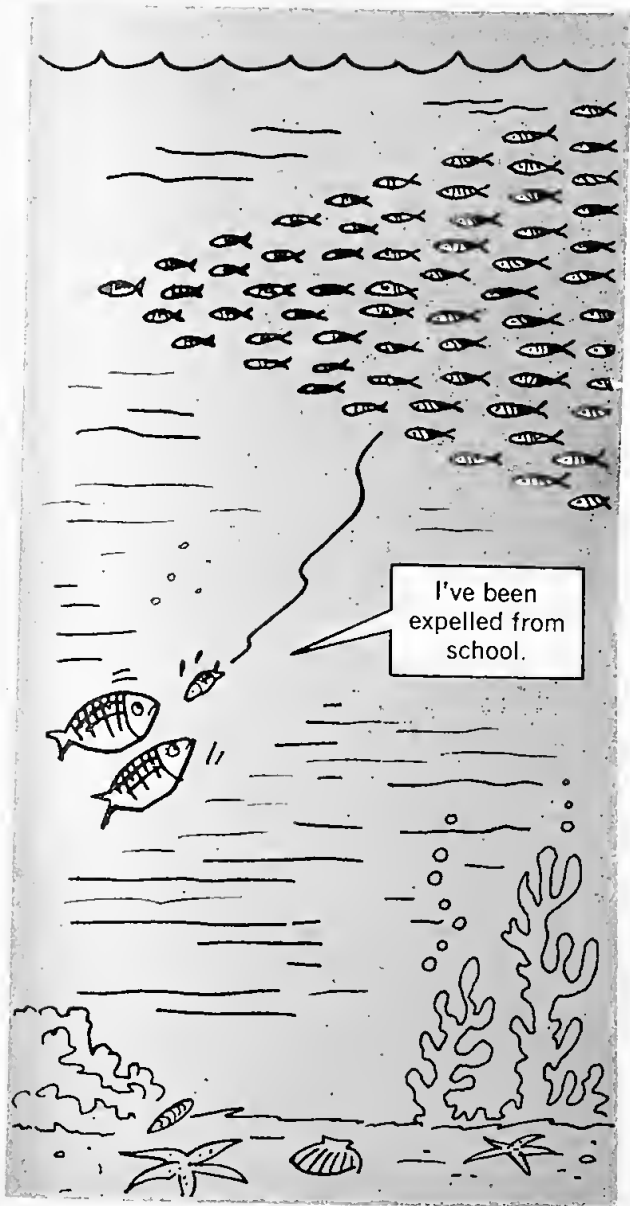


## CHAPTER 23

Another aggravating  
aggregation of  
irksome irrelevancies

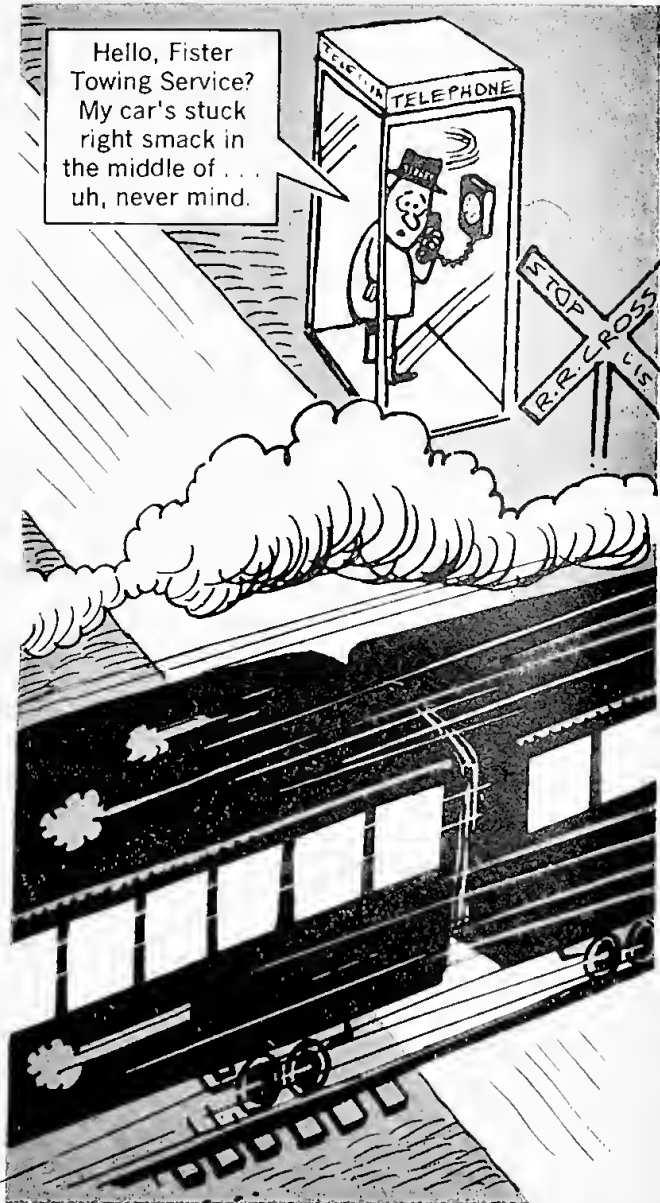


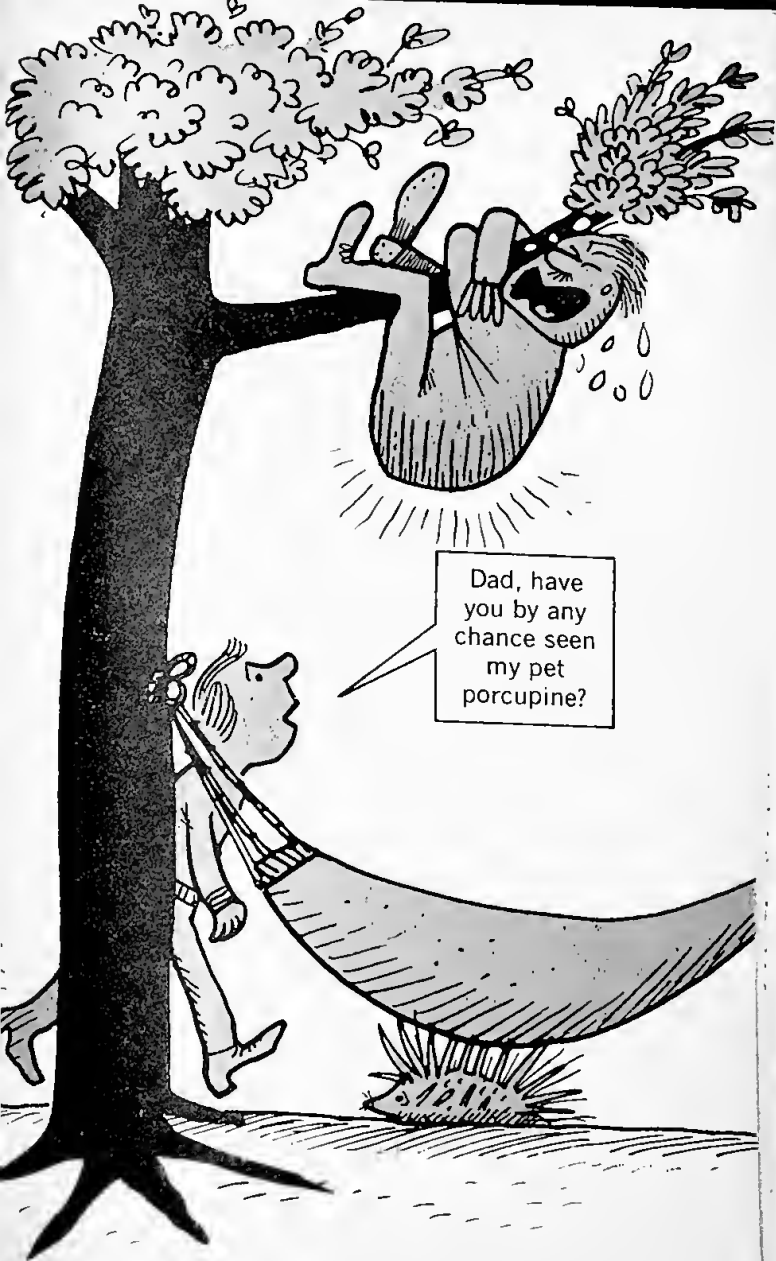




I've been  
expelled from  
school.

Hello, Fister  
Towing Service?  
My car's stuck  
right smack in  
the middle of . . .  
uh, never mind.





Dad, have  
you by any  
chance seen  
my pet  
porcupine?

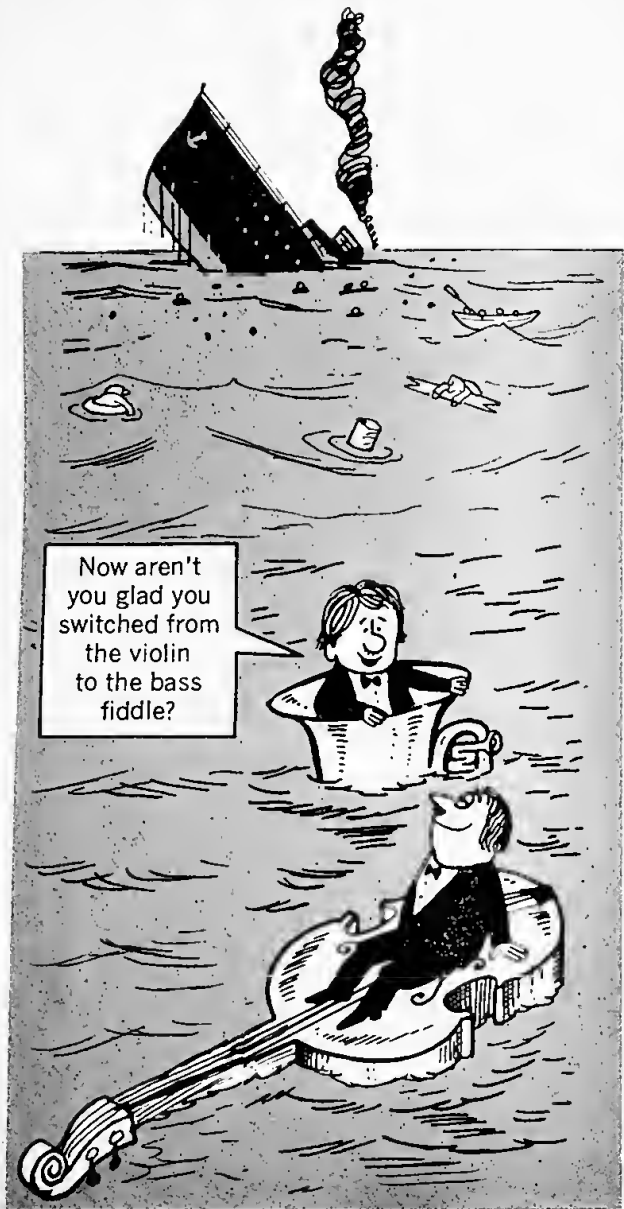


INSURANCE

YURANCE

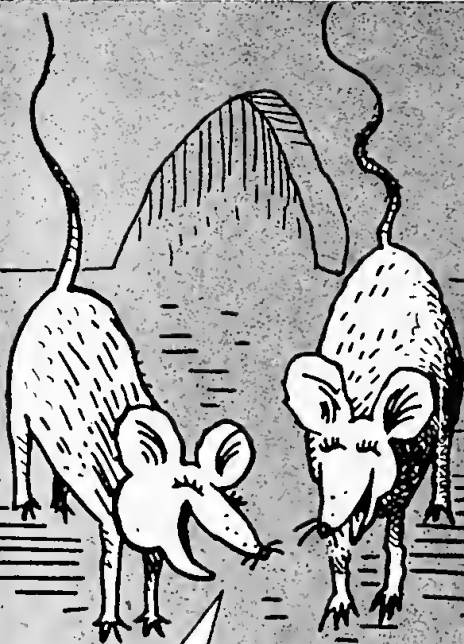
INSURA





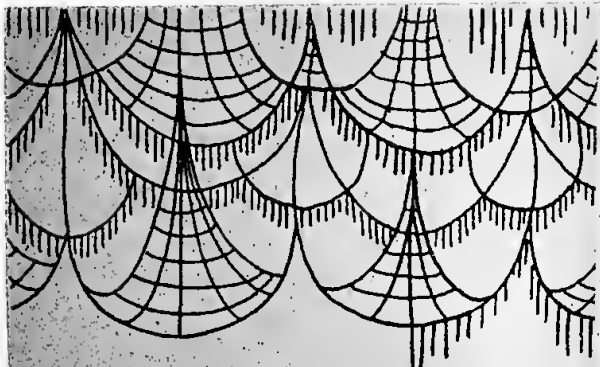
Now aren't  
you glad you  
switched from  
the violin  
to the bass  
fiddle?



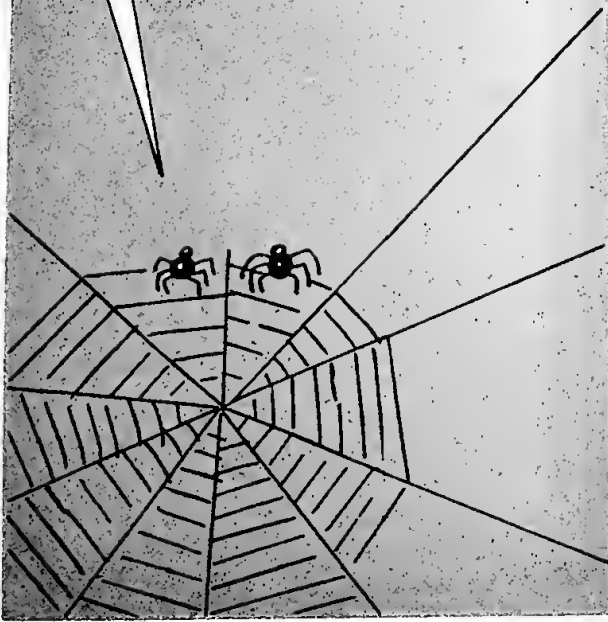


I really  
shook him up  
with, "What  
are you, a  
man or a  
mouse?"!



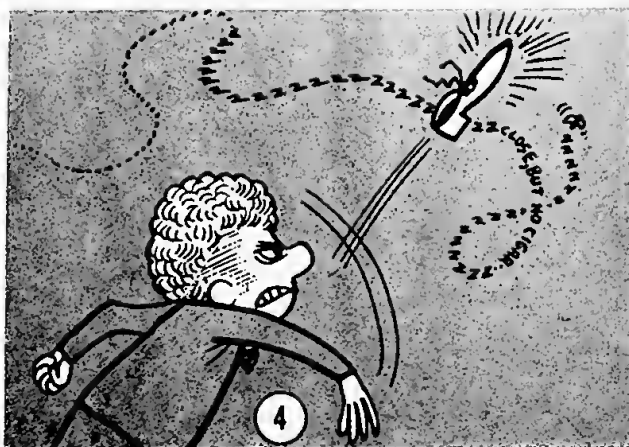
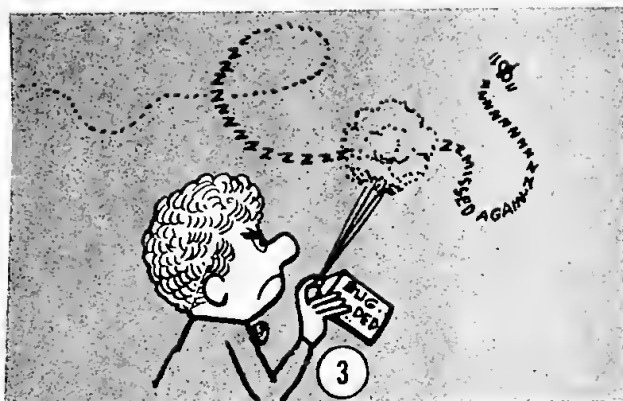
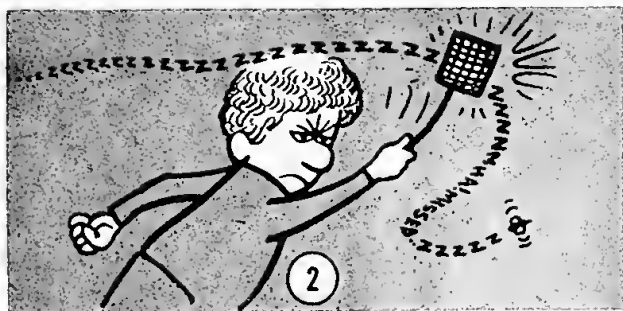


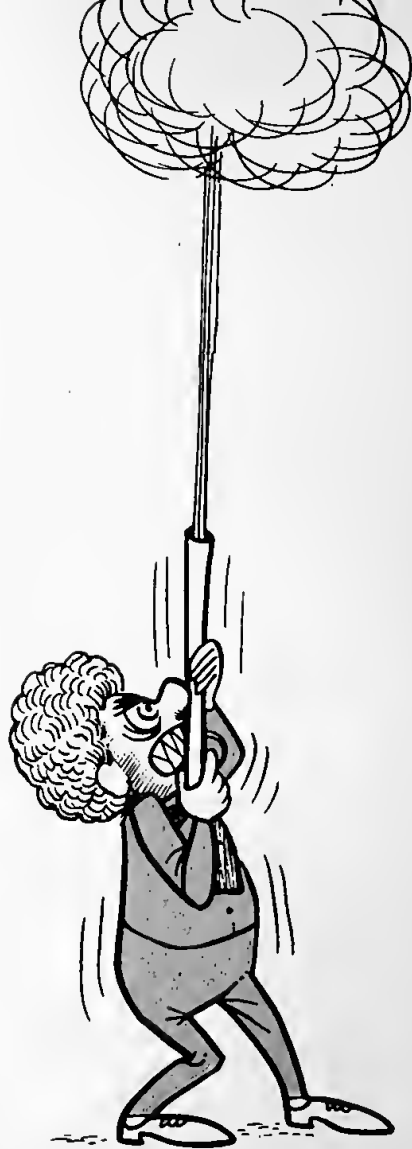
I can't  
stand a  
show-off.



# Bugged bothered and bewildered

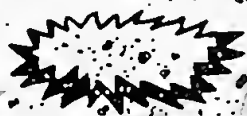










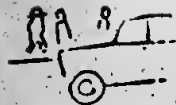


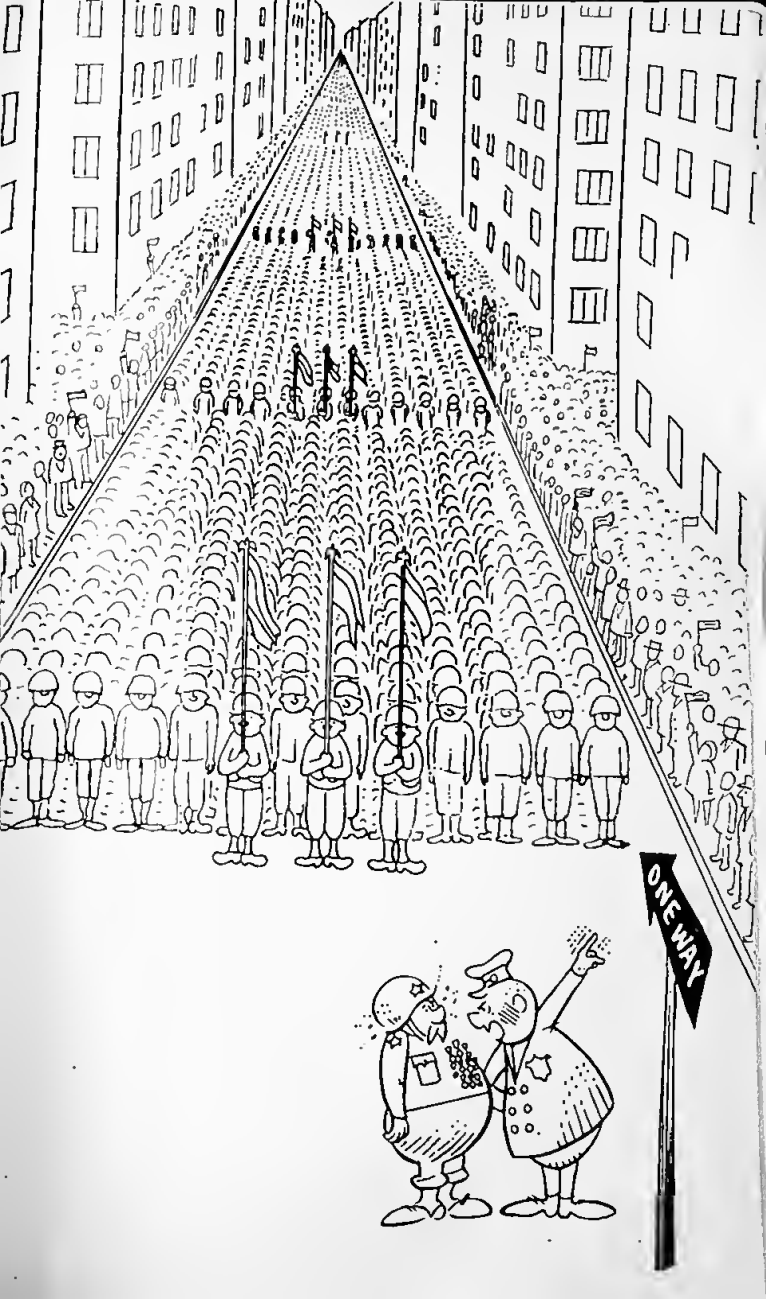


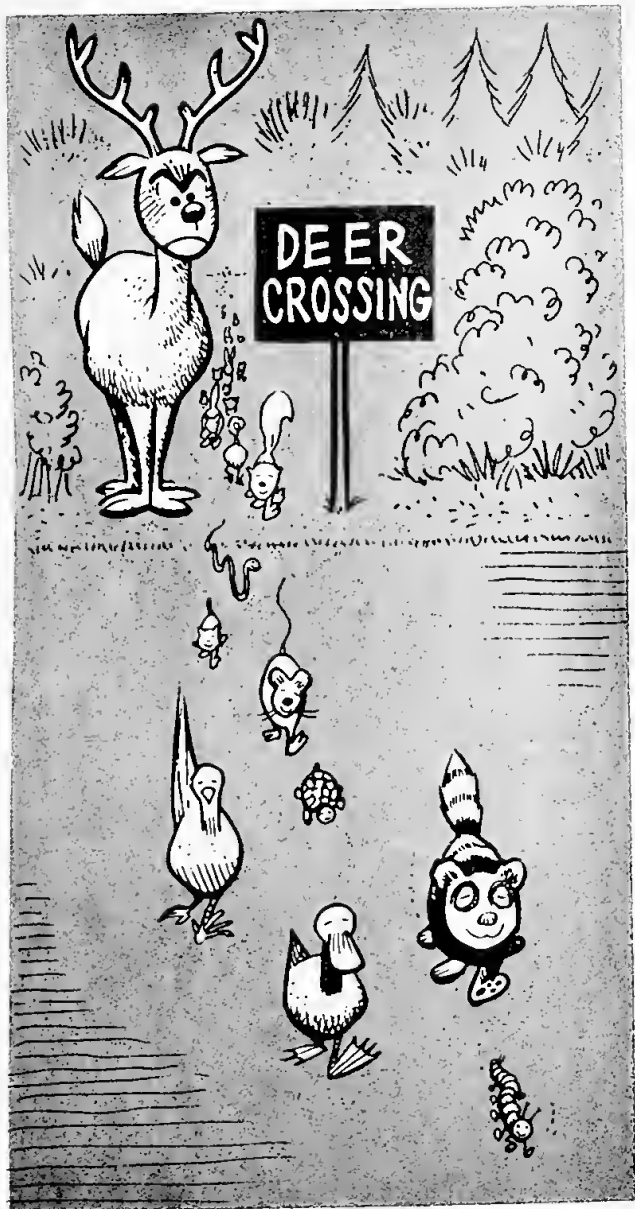
A final assemblage  
of pointless pranks

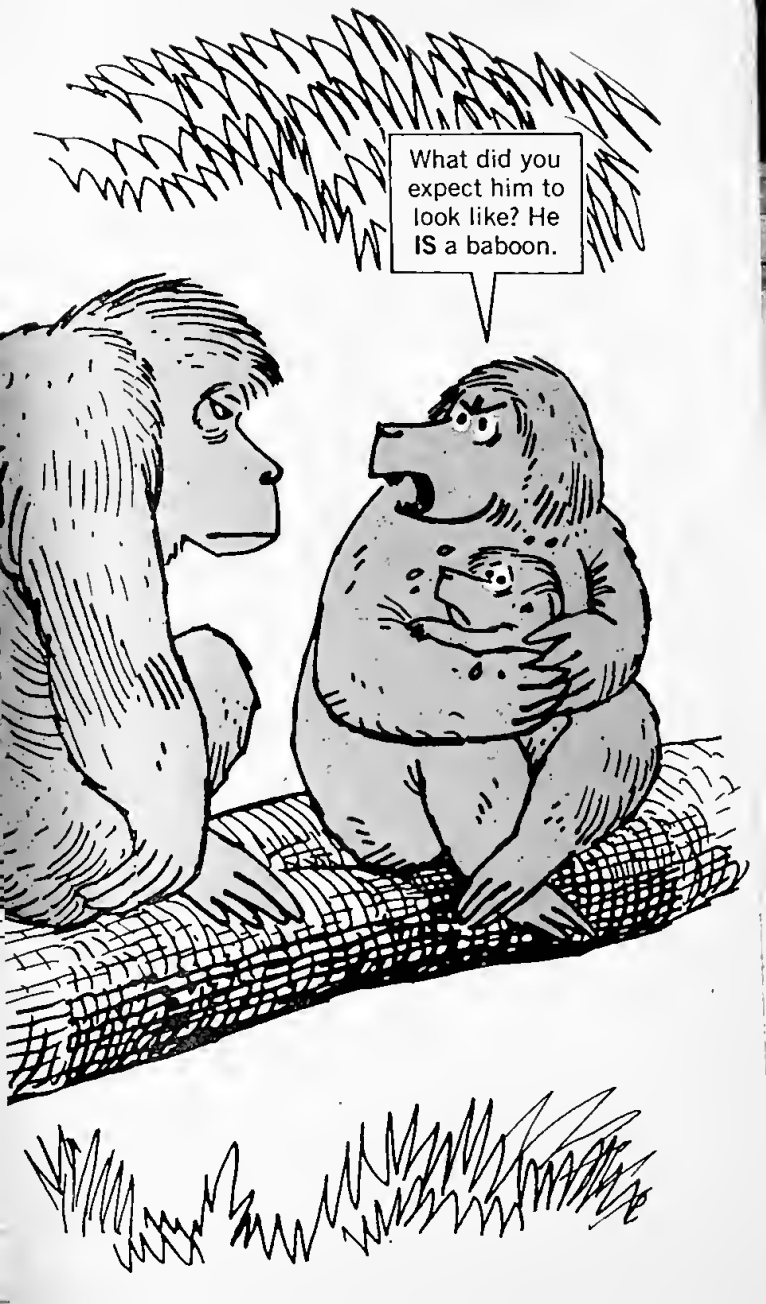


PUBLIC LIBRARY

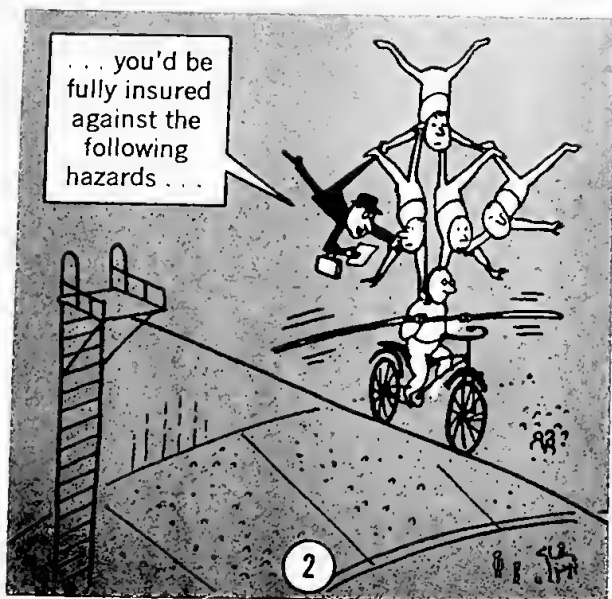
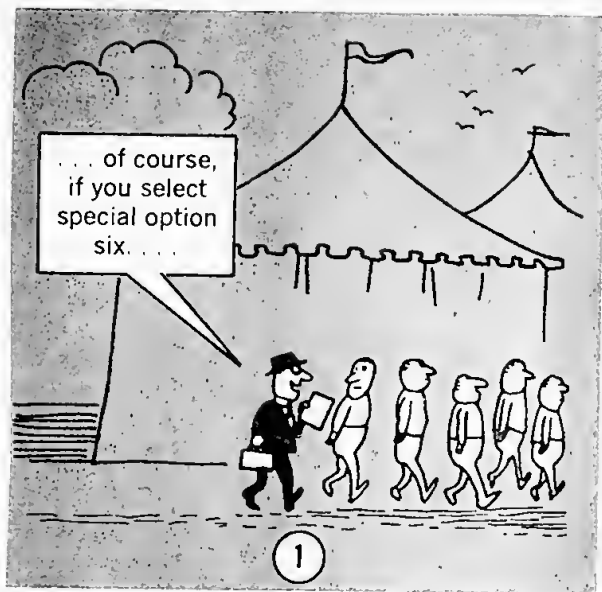


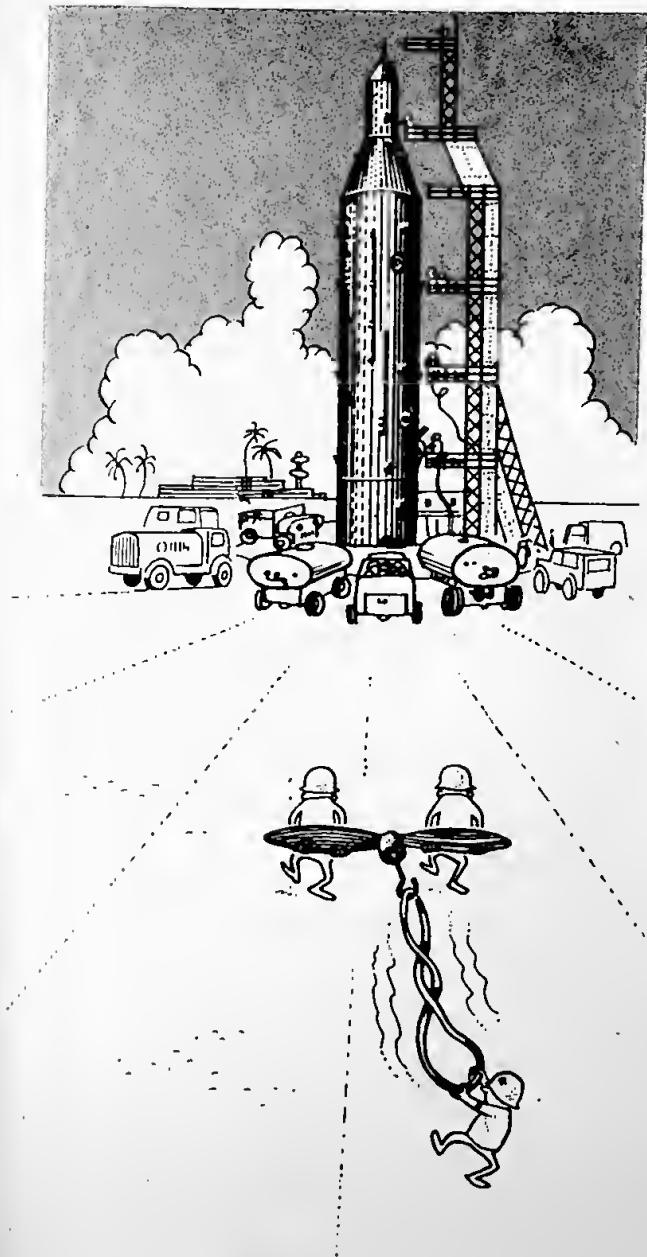






What did you  
expect him to  
look like? He  
IS a baboon.





He finally cracked after  
eight straight hours of  
daytime TV.





# MARRIAGE COUNSELOR

Tell me in your own words just how the trouble starts.



Well . . .

I'll tell it!



THE END OF THE  
WORLD, WHKH  
WAS SCHEDULED  
FOR YESTER-  
DAY, HAS BEEN  
POSTPONED  
INDEFINITELY  
DUE TO LAST  
MINUTE TECH-  
NICAL DIFFI-  
CULTIES. WATCH  
THIS SPACE FOR  
FURTHER DE-  
VELOPMENTS.







The multi-talented Al Jaffee, who has been around more years than most people care to remember, has been a major contributor to such distinguished publications as "Fertilizer Review," "Garbage Man's Quarterly," "MAD Magazine," "Trump," "Humbug", etc. He is author of the bestselling **SNAPPY ANSWERS TO STUPID QUESTIONS**. So, if you're tired of material that informs and uplifts, and just want something that will insult your intelligence, this is the book for you.

**ENJOY YOURSELF ~~WITH~~ WHILE**

Al Jaffee  
**GAGS**